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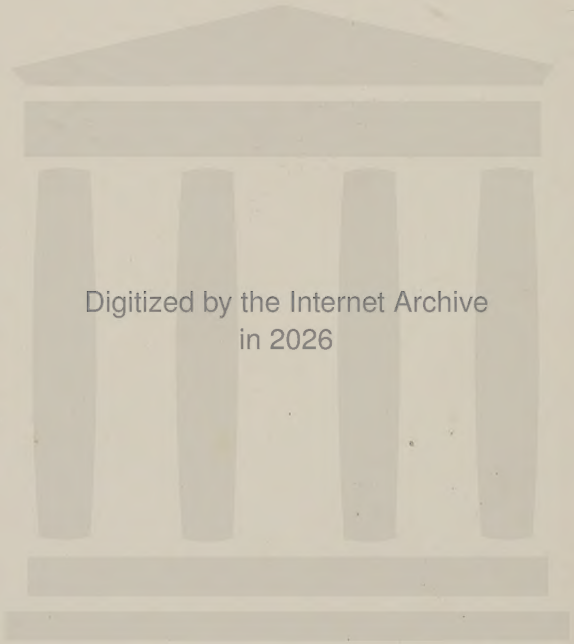

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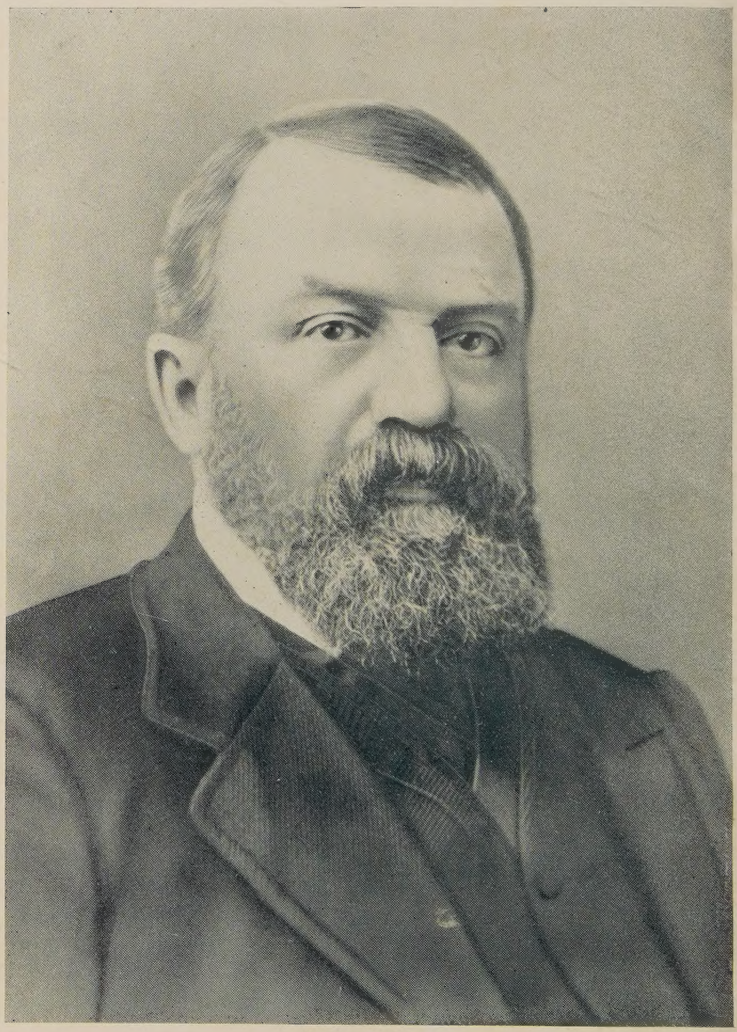

Yours truly
D. L. Moody

LIFE

OF

D. L. MOODY.

BY

W. R. MOODY AND A. P. FITT.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

F. B. MEYER.

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BY HIS SON, W. R. MOODY

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INTRODUCTION.

TO have known D. L. Moody, and come within the range of his strong personality, has been to many men one of the most influential factors in their character and life-work; and it is not easy for such to imagine a world from which the inspiration of his presence has been withdrawn. It is still less easy, under the immediate sorrow of such a bereavement, to characterise this natural prince and leader of men.

He had a marvellous power over others. It is impossible to read the biographies of Dr. Andrew Bonar, of Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Professor Drummond, or of Dr. Dale, men as far as possible removed from each other in many respects, without encountering the same tribute to the spell which this strong, tender, intense nature exerted over them.

I met him first in York in 1873, on his arrival with Mrs. Moody and his two eldest children, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Sankey. After a few days' meetings in neighbouring chapels, he came to the Baptist Chapel of which I was minister and conducted meetings for about a fortnight, with ever-increasing numbers and marvellous results. The first all-day meeting he held in England was arranged by us as we walked up and down Coney Street, and it was at my instance that the evangelist went on to Rev. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland, who first coined

the announcement that "Mr. Moody would preach, and Mr. Sankey would sing, the Gospel." His two previous visits to this country had been for the purpose of observation, and of coming in contact with leading Christian men.

D. L. Moody always reminded me of a mountain whose abrupt bold front, scarred and furrowed with storm, forbids the tourist, yet soft valleys nestle in its mighty embrace, and verdant pastures are fertilised by the waters that furrow the summit. He was pre-eminently a strong man: nothing short of indomitable resolution and will-power could have conducted the uncultured, uneducated lad from the old shanty in Chicago to the Opera House in London, where Royalty waited on his words—rugged, terse, full of mother-wit, direct and sharp as a two-edged sword: for as the man was, so he spoke.

The charm of his character was his thorough naturalness. At the same time he was absolutely simple and humble; and in my presence he never once manifested the least sign of affectation, and it seemed as though he had never heard of D. L. Moody, and knew less of his doings than the most ordinary reader of the daily press.

There was an appearance of abruptness in his manner, which was undoubtedly assumed as the protection of a very tender and sensitive spirit, much as an oyster will form for itself strong shells against the fret of the waves and rocks. He had seen others carried away by the adulation of their admirers; he knew that the personal element was apt to intrude between the speaker and the interests of those whom he would fain save for Christ's sake; he was absolutely determined that people should not rest on him, but on the Word of God, to which he was ever pointing them, and he therefore encased himself in the hard shell of an apparently rugged and uncouth manner.

He was more thoughtful for others than any man I have ever known. Whatever troubles befell anyone in the

town of Northfield seemed to be Mr. Moody's, as his well-known buggy would be seen making its way to the home of bereavement or affliction, with some kind enquiry or alleviation.

He was a great Christian strategist, never so happy as when organising some great campaign, like that during the World's Fair at Chicago. He would lay plans for a winter's campaign in such a city as New York, would engage some large central building, and hold two or three meetings a day; the whole campaign would be so contrived as to increase the activity and zeal of the Churches that had ranged themselves under his leadership.

He was absolutely fearless; whether in a crowd or with an individual, he never swerved a hair's breadth from what he thought right, to win a smile or avoid a frown.

Towards the end of his life he was greatly impressed by the movement for the promotion of deeper spiritual life. I induced him to come to Keswick, which he greatly enjoyed, and he wrote to me saying, "I am going to do all I can to get the Christians to take a higher stand, and to get them together."

His death was a triumphant home-going, and as the story of it has spread from land to land, it has stirred thousands of hearts to a deeper and more entire consecration to the service of Jesus Christ. His voice is hushed, his heart has ceased to beat, he has left a great void behind him; but he has already entered upon higher service, and in the foremost ranks of the sons of light his strong and noble spirit is still abounding in the work of the Lord, where neither weariness nor pain can fetter or slacken its celestial ardour. I count it almost the greatest privilege of my life to have known him so well.

F. B. Meyer.

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LIFE OF D. L. MOODY.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life at Northfield.

"SOME day you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody, of East Northfield, is dead. Don't you believe a word of it! At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall have gone up higher—that is all; gone out of this old clay tenement into a house that is immortal, a body that death cannot touch, that sin cannot taint, a body like unto His own glorious body. I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die; that which is born of the Spirit will live for ever."

These are the words of D. L. Moody—his autobiography compressed into a few sentences. Between his birth in the flesh on 5th February 1837, and his departure to be with Christ on 22nd December 1899, there were crowded experiences more, and more varied, than fall to the general lot of men; but he firmly believed to the last that the opening portals of heaven would only admit him to larger and truer service for his God and Saviour in unseen worlds.

By the grace of God he was what he was; but his life was

largely influenced, under God, by his mother. Betsy Holton was born 5th February 1805. She came of an old Puritan stock that had settled in Northfield, Mass., as early as 1673. She married Edwin Moody, a mason by trade, on 3rd January 1828. They had a comfortable home in Northfield, with an acre or two of land. Seven children were born to them—of whom Dwight Lyman was the sixth, born on 5th February 1837.

On 28th May 1841 young Dwight was at school. A neighbour put his head in at the window, and asked if any of Edwin Moody's children were there, saying that their father had just died suddenly. That morning he had gone about his work as usual; but a pain in his side compelled him to go home to rest. About one o'clock in the afternoon he staggered to the bed, and was found dead a few minutes later, kneeling beside it as if in prayer. The death of his father was the earliest thing that Dwight could remember. He could recall nothing about the funeral; but the shock of the sudden death made a lasting impression on him.

The widow was left in trying circumstances, which, however, only served to develop her sterling and heroic character. Her eldest child was only thirteen years old. Twins were born a month after her husband's death. The father died a bankrupt, and the creditors swept away nearly everything. The mother had no one on whom she could lean heavily for support. When the neighbours would come in and tell her to apprentice her children, she would say—

"Not as long as I have these two hands."

"Well," they would say, "you know one woman cannot bring up seven boys. They will turn up in jail, or with a rope round their necks."

She toiled on; and none of her children went to jail, and none has had a rope round his neck.

"If everyone had a mother like that mother," said Mr. Moody on the occasion of her funeral, "if the world were mothered by that kind of mother, there would be no need for

jails." Once when there came on a snowstorm, she had to make the children stay in bed next morning until school-time, for want of wood to make a fire.

She was always bright and cheerful in the presence of her children; but that first year after her husband died she wept herself to sleep every night. Her sorrows drove her to God, and she claimed His promises for the fatherless and the widow.

In spite of all its privations, home was the sweetest place on earth to the Moody children; and so long as that mother remained on earth, occupying that same home but with all the comforts she desired, Dwight and her other children were drawn thither by the strong bands of love.

Dwight's early life differed little, in the main, from that of the ordinary New England boy. He continued to go to school in the winter, and learned the three R's and a little algebra. In the summer he "hired out." The first thing he did to earn money was to turn some neighbours' cows out to pasture on a mountain near by, receiving a cent a day as wages.

Many anecdotes are told proving that Dwight was full of fun, and loved practical jokes—a characteristic that he retained undiminished to the end — indicating also those qualities of leadership which were so marked a feature of his later career.

At the closing exercises one school term, the boys gave recitations and dialogues. Dwight chose as his piece Mark Antony's oration over Cæsar's body. He brought a box with him to serve as a coffin, and put it on the table. The audience—which included the local ministers, the school committee, teachers, parents, and friends of the children—was moved to tears as he proceeded. Presently he lifted the cover of the box to take a last look at Cæsar, and out jumped a tom-cat!

"Scat!" shouted Dwight; and great was the uproar and laughter.

Some of the boys took a pail to the cider-mill one afternoon, but, not wishing to be seen carrying the cider home by daylight, they left it on one side until they should return later. Dwight had watched them, and, when they were gone, he got the pail and conveyed it home. One of Dwight's brothers thought he would add to the joke, so he emptied out the cider and filled the pail with vinegar. At supper, Dwight put the pail on the table with a great flourish, and, filling a glass, said—

"Here's to the health of George Washington!"

But he enjoyed the joke himself.

On one occasion he wrote a notice summoning a temperance meeting in the schoolhouse on a given date, and signed a certain deacon's name in disguised handwriting. There was a crowded attendance, but no speaker appeared.

In that school district there were two parties. One party said that boys could not possibly be controlled without the cane, and they kept a schoolmaster who acted on their plan: the other party said the boys should be controlled by love. The struggle went on, and at last, on an election day, the first party was put out, and the other ruled. The boys said to each other that they were going to have a grand time that winter. There would be no more corporal punishment; they were going to be ruled by love.

The new teacher was a lady, and she opened the school with prayer. The boys hadn't seen that done before, and they were impressed, especially when she prayed that she might have grace and strength to rule the school with love. School went on for several weeks, and they saw no cane.

Dwight, always the ringleader, was one of the first to break the rules. The teacher asked him to stay behind. He thought the cane was coming out again, and was in a fighting mood. She took him alone, sat down and began to talk to him kindly. That was worse than the cane; he did not like it. She said—

"I have made up my mind that if I cannot control the

school by love, I will give it up. I will have no punishment. If you love me, try to keep the rules of the school."

Love conquered him, and he became a firm ally of that teacher.

His elder brothers used to try to make money by "trading" things, chiefly horses; and Dwight caught the fever. The most famous transaction that is now recalled was his contract to work for a neighbour for a month, in return for which he was to receive the skin of a dead horse. When earned, the skin was worthless.

When he was about ten years old, an incident happened of which he ever afterwards spoke with gratitude. One of his elder brothers went to the town of Greenfield, twelve miles away, to work in a store for his board and attend school. He was so lonely that he found a place for Dwight. The incident can be best related in Mr. Moody's own words.

"One cold day in November, my brother came home and said he had a place for me. I said I wouldn't go; but after it was talked over, they decided I should. That night was a long one.

"The next morning we started. We went up on the hill and had a last sight of the old house. We sat down there and cried. I thought that would be the last time I should ever see that old home. I cried all the way down to Greenfield. There my brother introduced me to an old man who was so old that he could not milk his cows, so I was to do his errands, milk his cows, and go to school. I looked at the old man, and saw he was cross. I took a good look at his wife, and thought she was crosser than the old man. I stayed there an hour, and it seemed like a week. I then went round to my brother and said—

"'I am going home.'

"'What for?'

"'I am homesick.'

"'Oh well, you will get over it in a few days.'

"'I never will. I don't want to.'

"He said, 'You will get lost if you start for home now; it is getting dark.'

"I was frightened then, and I said, 'I will go at daybreak to-morrow morning.'

"He took me to a shop window where there were some jack-knives and other things, and tried to divert my mind. What did I care for those old jack-knives? I wanted to get back home to my mother and brothers; it seemed as if my heart were breaking.

"All at once my brother said, 'Dwight, here comes a man that will give you a cent.'

"'How do you know he will?' I asked.

"'Oh, he gives every new boy that comes to town a cent.'

"I brushed away the tears, for I wouldn't have that man see me crying, and I got right into the middle of the sidewalk, where he couldn't help but see me, and kept my eyes right on him. I remember how that old man looked as he came tottering down the sidewalk. Oh, such a bright, cheerful, sunny face he had! When he came opposite to where I was, he stopped, took my hat off, put his hand on my head, and said to my brother—

"'This is a new boy in town, isn't it?'

"'Yes, sir, he is; just come to-day.'

"I watched to see if he would put his hand into his pocket. I was thinking of that cent. But he began to talk to me so kindly that I forgot all about it. He told me that God had an only Son, and He sent Him down here, and wicked men killed Him; and he said He died for me.

"He talked only five minutes, but he took me captive. After he had given me this little talk, he put his hand into his pocket and took out a brand-new, old-fashioned cent, a copper that looked just like gold. He gave me that. I thought it was gold; and didn't I hold it tight! I never felt so rich before, or since. I don't know what became of that cent. I have always regretted that I didn't keep it; but I can feel the pressure of that old man's hand on my head

to-day. Fifty years have rolled away, and I can hear those kind words ringing yet. I never shall forget that act."

Before Dwight had been in Greenfield many days, he got into trouble for ringing a door-bell. When questioned as to his motives, he said he had never seen a door-bell before, and wanted to know if it would ring in the street.

At the age of sixteen, when Dwight was still considered a small boy, he was taken one night to a mutual improvement meeting at Northfield, where the townspeople had a debate. Towards the close of the meeting, when feeling was running high, Dwight stood up, and in a few pointed, impromptu sentences proved the weaker side in the debate to be right, and changed the current of the whole meeting. He was immediately appointed leader of the next meeting by acclamation, and went home feeling proud.

He selected as subject for the coming meeting, "The Wrongs to which the Indians are Subjected." He wrote out a speech of ten or fifteen minutes' duration, and for days his mother heard him tramping back and forth in his bedroom as he memorised this speech.

When at last he appeared on the platform, he recited the first few sentences; but memory failed him in his excitement, and he closed abruptly with the remark—

"The Indians went to the North Pole, and got froze up as stiff as steelyards!"

Years afterwards he comforted a student of Mount Hermon School, of whom much had been expected, but who broke down during his final oration, by saying—

"Never mind! I broke down the first time I tried. You will get through next time."

Naturally the reader will enquire if Dwight showed any special leaning in a religious direction during these early years. The answer must be, No.

His mother was a religious woman—that quiet, home religion that characterises New England. She was then a Unitarian, but of mild type, differing very little in her beliefs from orthodox

Congregationalists, but at this time having no experience of vital piety and of the power of the Holy Spirit. Northfield is not far from the scene of Jonathan Edwards' revival labours, but the wave of his influence did not reach the Moodys.

About the only books in the home were a Bible and a book of devotions. Every morning Mrs. Moody read to her children from these. On Sabbath all the children were sent to the Unitarian Church, over a mile away, and they stayed through Sabbath school. It was never a debatable question whether they should go or not. The boys used to go barefoot, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, and only putting them on when they came in sight of the church.

Mr. Everett, pastor of the Unitarian Church, was very kind to the widow Moody in the days of her trial. At one time Dwight boarded with him and ran his errands. But attendance at the services was irksome. Dwight could not understand the sermons. In fact, Sunday was a day the boys disliked; and at sundown—they began to observe Sabbath at sundown on Saturday in those days—they would run out and throw up their caps, and let off their jubilant spirits.

The only water baptism D. L. Moody ever received was at the hands of this Unitarian minister, but it was in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

His mother tried to induce him to pray; but he said he had tried it, and it didn't work. One day, however, when he was about six years old, a rail fence fell over on him. He could not extricate himself, and his cries for help were in vain, as he was too far away from any house. But he thought, "Maybe God will help me"; and so, in his extremity, he prayed, and believed that God answered his cry, as he was presently able to lift away the rails.

One lesson the mother taught the boys was, that their word, once given, like the laws of the Medes, altered not. No excuse would ever be accepted for failure to perform a promise. The question she always asked was: "Did you say you would?" not, "Can you?" Once, when Dwight went to his elder

brother and sought release from an agreement to work for a neighbour for his board during the winter, while he was also attending school, the case was carried to their mother. Dwight's cause of complaint was that for nineteen consecutive meals his only food had been milk and cornmeal, varied occasionally by the addition of some old crusts that were too hard for the family. When his mother found that he had enough to eat, such as it was, Dwight was sent back to keep his agreement.

Nothing that is known of his boyhood gives any reason to expect the large things that followed in Mr. Moody's life. But his love of harmless fun, his keen appreciation of a joke (even upon himself), his sensitive, compassionate nature, and his leadership of his boy comrades, were features which remained with him throughout the years that followed.

CHAPTER II.

Business and Conversion in Boston.

AS Dwight grew older he became ambitious for a change. The confines in which he found himself were too narrow. He began to appreciate the value of education, and tried to make the most of his educational opportunities.

One day in the spring of 1854, when he was up in the woods cutting and hauling logs, he said to his brother Ed, who was with him—

"I'm tired of this. I'm not going to stay round here any longer—I'm going off to get some other work."

He had two uncles in the boot and shoe business in Boston, of them he sought work, but met with little encouragement. Finally Dwight left Northfield and went to Clinton, Mass., where another brother was employed. Dwight got a job in a stationery and book store, addressing wrappers for the first paper issued in that town; but he wasn't satisfied, and went on to Boston. Failing to find other work, he again approached his uncles, and was probably in such a condition that they were able to make their own terms with him. They agreed to take him into their store, if he would promise to board at a place selected by them, to attend the Mount Vernon Church and Sabbath school, and not to drink or gamble.

Dwight accepted the terms, and was duly installed. His ambition now was to make £20 000, and be a successful merchant.

Although he was little acquainted with city ways and city manners, it soon became evident that young Moody made up for deficiencies in polish and externals by a natural wit and brightness that brought him to the front as a salesman.

Letters that he wrote home at this time show that his boyish heart turned constantly towards Northfield. A postscript to a letter written to his mother on 22nd August 1854 is characteristic of his correspondence. "Ho, George," he wrote, addressing his elder brother, "tell me what kind of a crop of corn this year, and potatoes also."

Nor did business so engross his attention as to crowd out the old tendency and liking for practical jokes. Before he had been long in the store, he settled on a tall cobbler, to plague him. One day he slit the leathern seat of this cobbler's box, and placed a basin of water underneath. When the cobbler sat down, of course he got wet. This was repeated three times before the cobbler kicked the box over to see what was the matter. Immediately he grabbed a knife, and started for young Moody, who was waiting on customers in the front part of the store. Moody was taking it all in, and rushed out into the street when he saw the cobbler coming.

One evening when Moody was aching for fun, a young man about his own age came along the sidewalk just as he was leaving the store. Moody stepped to his side and walked along with him, looking into his eyes all the time. The young man hurried; so did Moody. Finally, the other commenced to run, and Moody kept up with him till the young man was thoroughly scared.

He had his share in all the legitimate excitement of the city. The Abolition cause appealed strongly to him, and he attended stirring meetings in Faneuil Hall. He took part in the attack on the old Court-house to free the slave Anthony Burns. He used to tell how they took great planks to stave in the door, but when the soldiers fired and the crowd smelt powder, they backed away.

His first definite spiritual experience, his conversion, occurred during his stay in Boston.

Attendance at church and Sabbath school was obligatory, under agreement with his uncle. But it was merely formal at first. There was many an Eliab, Abinadab, or Shammah on whom the anointing of the Spirit would more likely come than on this David.

Mount Vernon Church was organised as a revival church, particularly to retain in Boston the fiery eloquence, holy zeal, and glowing fervour of Dr. Edward N. Kirk—just such a church as Mr. Moody's own church in Chicago became later. But the earnest, cultured addresses of Dr. Kirk did not reach young Moody. It is said that he chose a seat in one of the most obscure pews in the gallery, and that, wearied with the hard work of the week, he used to sleep most of the time during the services on the Lord's Day.

In the Sabbath school he was placed in a class taught by Edward Kimball. The teacher handed him a Bible, and told him the lesson was in John. Moody took the book, and hunted all through the Old Testament for John. The other young men, among whom were some Harvard students, detected his ignorance and nudged each other. The teacher saw his embarrassment, and found the place for him. "I put my thumb in the place, and held on," said Mr. Moody afterwards; "I said then that if ever I got out of that scrape, I would not be caught there again." An incident that exhibits not only his ignorance of the Bible, but also his dogged purpose to learn from his mistakes.

Moody gave close, respectful attention to his teacher from the first, and his demeanour in class was always earnest, quiet, and attentive. He seldom said anything. Once, when Mr. Kimball was teaching about Moses, trying to show that he was a man of self-control, wise and statesmanlike, who would have been at the head of affairs in any age or nation, Moody asked with hesitancy—

"Mr. Kimball, don't you think Moses was *smart*?"

This word from his limited New England country vocabulary truly expressed Mr. Kimball's idea, and proved that he was anxious to grasp his teacher's meaning.

Before long, Mr. Kimball determined to speak to his new scholar about his spiritual condition. He went to Holton's shoe store one day, and found Moody in the back part of the store, wrapping up shoes in paper and putting them on the shelves. Mr. Kimball told him of Christ's love and sacrifice. Evidently the young man was ripe for the Gospel message, although he had hardly felt that he had a soul till then. The light of heaven flashed upon him, and never afterwards grew dim.

How tenderly Mr. Moody used to refer to that transaction between himself and his Saviour! Preaching in Tremont Temple early in 1898, he said—

"I can almost throw a stone from Tremont Temple to the spot where I found God over forty years ago. I wish I could do something to lead some young men to that same God. I wish I could make people understand what He has been to me. He has been a million times better to me than I have been to Him."

At other times he used to say: "The morning I was converted I went outdoors and fell in love with everything. I never loved the bright sun shining over the earth so much before. And when I heard the birds singing their sweet songs, I fell in love with the birds. Everything was different."

The natural zeal and energy of the man at once sought to find expression in work for the new Master whose service he had entered. One of the first things he did was to go before the church committee, with a view to joining the church. He was then only eighteen years old. He had been in Mr. Kimball's class only a few months. The committee was composed of earnest, sympathetic men—among them Mr. Kimball—who made the examination very carefully and gently, knowing young Moody's limited knowledge and hesitation.

The questions had to be shaped so that the answers would be simply "yes" or "no." At length one of the deacons asked—

"Mr. Moody, what has Jesus Christ done for you, and for us all, that specially entitles Him to our love and obedience?"

The question embarrassed him. It was too long and too wordy for him to answer promptly, but he said—

"I think He has done a good deal for all of us; but I don't think of anything He has done in particular as I know of."

Nothing, therefore, was elicited at this examination that could be considered satisfactory evidence of conversion. Under the circumstances the committee deferred recommending him for admission to the church; but three of their number were appointed to take care of his case, and to seek to open up to him the way of God more perfectly. When he came before the committee again, no more doctrinal questions were asked of him than previously; but his earnest desire to be among God's people, and the feeling that he would get more good in the church than from being either refused or delayed admission, and the conviction that he would do no harm in the church anyway, although he was still unable to give any intelligent information as to his religious experience—these reasons led to his being recommended for membership in May 1856.

Mr. Moody never complained of the action of the committee in this case. On the contrary, he thought they had done the wise and proper thing. He was very solicitous in later years that only persons who had been "born again" ahould be admitted to membership in our churches, and directed his efforts to bring men and women face to face with this matter, to see not only if they had become partakers of the divine nature, but also whether with Paul they were able to say, "I KNOW whom I have believed, and AM PERSUADED that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

Stories are current—whether true or not it is impossible to verify in every case, although in some instances they are known

to be false—of one and another trying to rebuke young Moody for speaking at prayer meetings, and seeking to repress his zeal. It can easily be credited that he was whole-hearted and active in religion just as he was in other things. But Mr. Kimball, whose loving interest in his Sabbath-school pupil never abated, says that while Moody attended the Friday evening church prayer meetings quite regularly, he has no recollection of hearing him speak except a few times when he was invited to take part by the leader of the meeting. "I can truly say (and in saying it I magnify the infinite grace of God as bestowed upon Mr. Moody)," wrote Mr. Kimball, "that I have seen few persons whose minds were spiritually darker than was his when he came into my Sunday-school class, or one who seemed more unlikely ever to become a Christian of clear decided views of Gospel truth, still less to fill any sphere of extended public usefulness." Dr. Kirk and the church officers lived to thank God for Mr. Moody's marvellous development in grace and in the knowledge and service of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER III.

Early Chicago Career.

"CHICAGO, 20th September 1856. I reached this far-famed city of the West one week ago in the night. . . . I went into a prayer meeting last night, and as soon as I made myself known, I had friends enough. After the meeting they came to me and seemed to be as glad to see me as if I were their earthly brother. God is the same here as He was in Boston, and in Him I can find peace. . . . I wish you could have seen a couple of ladies that came with me. I was introduced to them at the depôt at Boston. They were such good Christians. They stayed here until Friday night, and then went South, and I felt as if Christ was the only friend I had in Chicago. But since then I have found some nice people. . . ."

These extracts are from the first letter D. L. Moody wrote to his mother after reaching Chicago.

His ambition had been stirred by the opening up of the great West. Boston proved too conservative for him. He was not comfortable in his surroundings, and privately decided to strike out where there was more room for a young man with push and enthusiasm to succeed in business. Possibly the restraints imposed upon him in a religious way may also have led him to desire a change. His home folks were opposed to his going to the then far-away city of Chicago; but he wrote his mother that if God would bring him there, he would devote

his whole life to God's service. While he undoubtedly did not mean this to imply giving up business, as his ambition was still to become a successful merchant, it proves how ready he was to follow God's leading, and make his whole life tell for Christ.

After reaching Chicago, he secured employment in Wiswall's boot and shoe store. Though personal appearances were still against him, his ability as a salesman soon asserted itself. He became popular with the rougher class of customers, and used to take special delight in serving difficult people.

After a time, when Wiswall added a jobbing department to his business, Moody found himself still more in his element. It gave him a chance to push out in his own interests, to exercise his tireless energies outside the routine of the store. He used to visit the railway stations, and inspect the hotel registers for incoming visitors. When the store closed at night, he would accost passers-by, and try to sell them rubbers or other seasonable goods. He was everlastingly on the look-out for customers.

On 16th December 1856 he wrote his brother Sam at Northfield as follows :—

"I suppose you would like to know how I am doing. Well, I am doing first-rate. Shall be on there in the summer, if not before. I came very near going last week. A man offered to pay my fare if I would go with him to buy some goods; but Mr. Wiswall was so driven for help that he could not spare me. I should like to come back to the Bay State once more. Things don't look out here as they do in Boston. A good many of the stores are kept open on the Sabbath Day. It is a great holiday out here."

The same day he wrote his mother—

"I have made thirty dollars a week ever since I came out here. . . . Don't let Uncle Samuel get hold of it; but as it has turned out, I have done the very best thing in coming. My expenses are a good deal, but I can make more money here than in Boston. I will send you a bill of fare of the

house where I board, and then you can judge whether I shall starve or not."

One joke that Mr. Moody used to tell about himself with great enjoyment occurred at this period.

It was during President Lincoln's first presidential campaign, and Mr. Moody was travelling through Southern Illinois. The train had stopped at a small village. A farmer was sauntering up and down the platform, and as he came opposite Mr. Moody's window, the latter asked him if he knew that Lincoln was on the train. The man showed great interest, and said—

"No! Is he?"

"I don't think he is," answered Mr. Moody. "I only asked you if you knew that he was."

The farmer said nothing, but continued his walk on the platform. As he came opposite the window again, he remarked that their town had had some excitement.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Moody asked.

"The authorities wouldn't let some folks bury a woman," replied the farmer.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Moody.

"She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply.

The first Lord's Day he was in Chicago, he attended the morning Sabbath school in the First Baptist Church. His future wife sat there among the pupils, a girl in her teens. He brought with him a letter to the Plymouth Congregational Church (Dr. Joseph E. Roy, pastor), with which he immediately identified himself. Here he undertook his earliest form of Christian activity. He realised that there were many young men in this growing western city, away from home and friends as he was, and who felt diffidence about attending churches where the pews were all engaged. He therefore rented four pews in Plymouth Church, and invited young men to attend and sit in his pew, a form of ministry that he prosecuted with unusual success.

At this time he also joined the Young Men's Mission

Band of the First M. E. Church, whose purpose was to visit hotels and boarding-houses on Sabbath mornings, distributing tracts and inviting people to the church services. The afternoons he devoted to a little mission Sabbath school, on the corner of Chicago Avenue and Wells Street. He offered to take a class. The superintendent said he had twelve teachers already and only sixteen scholars, but if he could work up a class of his own, he would be welcome. Next Lord's Day Moody appeared with eighteen ragged and dirty "hoodlums," gathered off the streets, but each none the less needing to be saved. Turning these children over to some of the other teachers, Moody sought out more scholars until he filled the school to overflowing. He had no idea that he could teach himself, but devoted to God his one talent of being able to "drum" up recruits, both young men and children, for the services of the house of God.

While Mr. J. B. Stillson, of Rochester, N.Y., was at this time engaged in the erection of the old Chicago Custom House, he used to distribute tracts and hold meetings along the river. One day he met Moody, who struck him as "a young man of earnest purpose, plain habits, and not very much education." The two became co-workers in scattering religious reading among sailors, in saloons and boarding-houses, and among hundreds of poor families living in that portion of the city known as "the Sands," on the North Side of the city, extending from the jail to the lake.

Letters written home at this period prove that he was already acquainted with the deep things of God, however little he knew of correct doctrine. Writing to his elder brother, George, on 17th March 1857, he said—

"I can make more money here in a week than I could in Boston in a month. But that is not all. I have enjoyed more religion here than ever in my life. O George, I hope you will hold on to the promises in the Bible. I find the better I live the more enjoyment I have; and the more I think of God and His love, the less I think of this world's troubles. George,

don't let anything keep you from the full enjoyment of God's love. I think we have things sometimes come upon us to try our faith, and God likes to see us cling on. As the psalmist says in one place, God likes to chastise those whom He loves. So let us pray for each other, for I think it becomes Christians to pray for each other. I have brought you before God in my prayers, and I hope you have done the same for me."

A year later (21st May 1858), he wrote his mother as follows:—

"I have a good situation, and I mean to work my cards to make it better. I have been very successful so far, and if nothing happens I will do well. Luther [his brother] thought it was very foolish in my leaving Wiswall's, but I have got me a situation that is worth five of that. If I have my health, and my God is with me, I shall succeed better here in Chicago than I ever thought. Mother, I hope you will not forget to pray for your son here in the West, surrounded by temptations on all sides. I never worked in a place since my conversion where there were so many wild young men as here. I hope you will plead with God that I may live a consistent Christian before them, that they may not lead me astray. I am in hopes to live so before them that I may succeed in winning their souls to Christ. Pray for me, dear mother."

In the fall of 1858 Mr. Moody started a Sabbath school of his own in a vacant saloon, his helpers being Mr. Stillson, and a Mr. Carter who led the singing. Larger quarters were immediately needed, and when the mayor of the city understood the plan for trying to save the children in that submerged portion of the city, he gladly gave the use of the North Market Hall for Sabbath-school work. This was a large hall over a market, owned by the city, and rented nearly every Saturday night for balls, when liquor and refreshments and cigars were freely used. However, the hall was commodious, and convenient to that tough quarter in which Mr. Moody delighted to work.

Seeking out some of the street arabs who did not like the

Wells Street mission school, and had therefore dropped out, Mr. Moody invited them to *assist* him in his new venture. The boys were pleased to become partners, and willingly entered upon the work. One of those boys subsequently became Postmaster of Chicago, and Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In preparing the hall for balls, the chairs, class banners, and other furniture used by Mr. Moody were thrown into a miscellaneous heap at one end of the hall. Mr. Moody and his "partners" used, therefore, to go round at 6 a.m. on Sabbath mornings to sweep out the hall, remove the beer barrels, cigar stumps, and other débris of the hall, and rearrange their furniture and banners for the 3 p.m. service. Sweeping the floors was in his eyes as true work for God as leading the service.

The Sabbath-school meetings were not creatures of routine. Mr. Moody's genius was taxed to keep control. The boys indulged in all sorts of cat-calls, whistling, etc., while there was no semblance of classes.

One Sunday, Mr. John V. Farwell came by invitation to visit the school. He found the boys leaning against the walls. About half of them rushed forward to shine his shoes as he came in. Presently Mr. Moody invited him to make a speech, at the close of which he was elected superintendent of the school by acclamation, to his utter surprise.

Said Mr. Moody to one man: "I want you to teach these lambs."

"*Lambs?* *Wolves*, you mean!" replied the other.

Mr. Moody or some helper would read a passage of Scripture, sing a hymn, tell an anecdote—anything to fill up the time. By degrees the school increased to fifteen hundred, and as new teachers enlisted, order was achieved out of chaos. It was before the day of International Lessons, however, and scholars and teachers simply had their common text-book, the New Testament. Denominational lines were not recognised.

Mr. Moody's devices for running the school were eminently

successful. He issued stock certificates of the "North Market Sabbath School Association; capital, $10,000; 40,000 shares at twenty-five cents each." These certified the purchase of shares "for the erection of a new building." "For dividends apply at the school each Sabbath at 3 p.m."

His plan for disposing of unfit teachers was automatic. Scholars were allowed, by permission of the superintendent, to transfer from one class to another. The inevitable result was that teachers who failed to interest their scholars were speedily left without classes.

When he bought an Indian pony, in order to save time in making calls, he used to let the boys ride the pony while he was indoors. Three or four would ride at a time.

He used to make much of picnics, entering into the sports with as great zest as the youngest. He was then a very fast runner. At one picnic he picked up a barrel partly filled with apples, and holding it so that the apples would spill out, he ran ahead, followed by the boys. One of the latter ran in front of him, and lay down on the ground, so that Mr. Moody, who was watching the apples, fell over him, barrel and all.

Thirteen street arabs were promised a new suit each at Christmas, if they would attend regularly every Sunday until that time. Their nicknames were: Red Eye, Smikes, Madden the Butcher, Jackey Candles, Giberick, Billy Blucannon, Darby the Cobbler, Butcher Lilroy, Greenhorn, Indian, Black Stove Pipe, Old Man, Rag-breeches Cadet. All but one fulfilled the conditions. Mr. Moody had them photographed "before" and "after," the pictures (which are still in existence) being known by the titles—"Does it pay?" and "It does pay!" This uniformed group became known as "Moody's bodyguard."

Thirteen years later a friend called at a railway ticket office. The agent asked him to step inside, and said—

"You do not seem to know me?"

"No, I have not that pleasure."

"You know Mr. Moody's 'bodyguard'?"

"Yes, I have a picture of them in my home."

"Well," said the agent, "when you go home, take a square look at the ugliest of the lot, and you will see your humble servant, now a church member, and heir to Mr. Moody in that work."

Volumes might be written, relating incidents connected with the gathering of his scholars, and the general conduct of the school.

It was one of Mr. Moody's first principles that the worse the boy was, the more reason against ejecting him. Hence expulsion was never thought of.

One young bully of fifteen years was especially noisy and troublesome, and all the usual means failed to tame him. At last Mr. Moody said to Mr. Farwell—

"If that boy disturbs his class to-day, and you see me go for him and take him into the ante-room, you ask the school to rise and sing a very loud hymn until I return."

The programme was executed as arranged. Mr. Moody seized the boy, hurried him into the ante-room before he realised what was happening, and locked the door. He gave the boy a terrible thrashing, and presently returned with face flushed, but wearing an expression of victory. Said he—

"I believe that boy is saved!"

The boy was converted soon afterwards, and years later acknowledged to a friend that he was still enjoying the benefits of that Gospel exercise.

The neighbouring Roman Catholic children were a source of great trial to Mr. Moody, disturbing his meetings and breaking windows in the hall. When all other resources had failed to stop this mischief, Mr. Moody went to see Bishop Duggan. He called at the bishop's residence, and was told the bishop was not in.

"Then I'll wait for him," said Mr. Moody.

By and by the two came together, and Mr. Moody stated his complaint, and requested the bishop to exercise control over his parishioners. The bishop met him kindly, but said

a man of his zeal ought to be inside the true church. Mr. Moody said he wanted to be right, but that if he became a Roman Catholic he would have to give up his noon prayer meeting.

"No, you won't," said the bishop.

"But I couldn't pray with Protestants?"

"Yes, you could."

"Then," said Mr. Moody, "if a Catholic can pray with a Protestant, won't you kneel down and pray with me, that God may open our eyes to the truth?"

They kneeled and prayed together, and as a result of that interview, Mr. Moody had no more organised persecution from his Roman Catholic neighbours.

When Abraham Lincoln was President-elect, he spent a Sunday in Chicago, and visited the school on Mr. Farwell's invitation, on condition that he should not be asked to make a speech. When the boys learned who he was, their enthusiasm burst all restraints. As Lincoln rose to leave, Mr. Moody announced the conditions of his visit, but added—

"If Mr. Lincoln finds it in his heart to say a few words for our encouragement, of course we will listen attentively."

Thus taken, Mr. Lincoln made a helpful address, based upon his own early experiences, earnestly admonishing the boys to be attentive to their teachers, and put in practice what they learned, and by so doing, some day, perhaps, any one of them might become President of the United States.

An elder brother of one pupil was in the South when the war broke out, and on hearing of Mr. Moody's influence over his family, he wrote home that he would "whip Moody within an inch of his life" on his return. When he got back he was taken down with typhoid fever, and Mr. Moody helped to nurse him. The man was so touched that his wrath disappeared, he became converted, and remained a firm friend of Mr. Moody.

One day a forgetful or careless scholar took his seat with his cap on. One of "Moody's bodyguard" discovered him,

planted a stunning blow between his eyes, and sent him sprawling to the floor, with the remark—

"I'll teach you not to enter Moody's Sunday school with your hat on."

On one of his recruiting excursions, Mr. Moody reached a house where there were not only children, but also a jug of whisky which the father had laid in for his Sunday carouse. Mr. Moody took the whisky and threw it into the street. Next week when he returned, bent on a similar errand, the man was awaiting him. As he confessed to demolishing the whisky jug, the man took off his coat to fight him. But Mr. Moody said—

"I broke the jug for the good of yourself and your family. If I am to be thrashed for it, let me pray for you all before you do it."

Falling on his knees, he prayed earnestly for father, mother, and children, as he had learned to pray under such circumstances; and when he rose from his knees the father's anger had cooled down, and Mr. Moody was permitted to have the children for his school.

Writing to a brother at Northfield from La Crosse, Wisconsin, on 18th July 1859, Mr. Moody said—

"How are you getting along with your Sabbath school, and who is superintendent of it now? and how large a school have you got? Tell me all about it. If I were in your place, I would not have it stopped every winter, but keep it going. I shall expect to have a good time next Sunday when I get home, for I have been away some time now, and the children are so glad to see me when I return. I think I have got the best school there is in the West: anyway it is the largest this side of New York. I wish you could see it."

As here intimated, Mr. Moody loved his school and his scholars loved him. Many of them were as brands plucked from the burning, and were knit to him by the common love of God which had been shed abroad in their hearts. From this school one of the scholars moved to another part of the

city. The little fellow kept up his attendance, although it meant a long, tiresome walk each way. A friend asked him why he went so far, and told him that there were plenty of other schools just as good nearer his home.

"They may be as good for others, but not for me," was the boy's reply.

"Why not?"

"Because they love a fellow over there," he replied.

"If only we could make the world believe that we love them," said Mr. Moody, "there would be fewer empty churches, and a smaller proportion of our population who never darken a church door. Let *love* replace *duty* in our church relations, and the world will soon be evangelised."

CHAPTER IV.

How Mr. Moody came to give up Business.

IN 1860 Mr. Moody was led to give up business and devote all his time to Christian work.

In addition to the Sabbath school held in the afternoon in the North Market Hall, Mr. Moody used to hold Sunday evening services for the boys in a smaller room connected with the Hall. From the beginning he taught the importance of confessing Christ, of giving testimony as to Christian experience, and also of engaging in active work. Later on, as parents became interested, these evening meetings multiplied. During the week Mr. Moody spent much time daily in visiting the homes of the scholars.

As a result of the revival of 1857–58, the Y.M.C.A. was organised in Chicago. A daily noon prayer meeting, similar to the Fulton Street prayer meeting in New York, was held; and this Mr. Moody used to attend. At first there was not much general interest in it; but, being aroused to action by the example of an old Scotchman, who was the only attendant one day, when he went through the programme of hymn, prayer, and Scripture reading all alone, Mr. Moody began to work up the attendance, and very soon the meeting was flourishing.

Meanwhile he carried on his boot and shoe business with unabated zeal and unfailing success. Events succeeded each other that had important bearings on his future. After two

years with Mr. Wiswall, he found employment as a commercial traveller for Mr. C. N. Henderson, a gentleman who was interested in the North Market Hall work. As he worked on commission his time was now his own, and his position gave him greater liberty for mission work.

A letter he wrote home, under date 2nd January 1859, shows his feelings towards Mr. Henderson—

"On my return from the country last week I found my hopes all vanished. The one whom I had looked to for advice and counsel, and who had proved to be more than a friend to me, was dead. . . . That man was my employer, Mr. Henderson. I shall miss him very much. He was the truest friend I have met since I left home. He seemed to take as much interest in my welfare as he would in the welfare of his own son."

The confidence in which Mr. Moody was held was shown when, a year later, Mrs. Henderson insisted that he should settle their business. A young man of twenty-three years, he shrank from the responsibility of handling an estate worth £30,000, but he wrote his mother: "I feel greatly honoured, for they have a great many friends who are good business men. I never have been put in so responsible a position in my life, and my prayer is that I may do myself credit. I am in hopes that you will not forget to pray for me, for I am nothing without the same God that has been with me since I started out in life. Do not say anything about this, will you?"

He next found employment with the firm of Buel, Hill, and Springer, devoting a large share of every day to visitation and other work connected with his Sabbath school, while evening meetings multiplied. Before a year elapsed he abandoned business life altogether. The story may be told in his own words—

"I had never lost sight of Jesus Christ since the first night I met Him in the store at Boston; but for years I really believed that I could not work for God. No one had ever asked me to do anything.

"When I went to Chicago, I hired four pews in a church, and used to go out on the street and pick up young men, and fill these pews. I never spoke to those young men about their souls; that was the work of the elders, I thought. After working for some time like that, I started a mission Sabbath school. I thought numbers were everything, and so I worked for numbers. When the attendance ran below one thousand, it troubled me; and when it ran to twelve or fifteen hundred, I was elated. Still none were converted; there was no harvest. Then God opened my eyes.

"There was a class of young ladies in the school, who were without exception the most frivolous set of girls I ever met. One Sunday the teacher was ill, and I took that class. They laughed in my face, and I felt like opening the door and telling them all to get out and never come back.

"That week the teacher of the class came into the store where I worked. He was pale, and looked very ill.

"'What is the trouble?' I asked.

"'I have had another hemorrhage of my lungs. The doctor says I cannot live on Lake Michigan, so I am going to New York State. I suppose I am going home to die.'

"He seemed greatly troubled, and when I asked the reason, he replied—

"'Well, I have never led any of my class to Christ. I really believe I have done the girls more harm than good.'

"I had never heard anyone talk like that before, and it set me thinking.

"After a while I said: 'Suppose you go and tell them how you feel. I will go with you in a carriage if you want to go.'

"He consented, and we started out together. It was one of the best journeys I ever had on earth. We went to the house of one of the girls, called for her, and the teacher talked to her about her soul. There was no laughing then! Tears stood in her eyes before long. After he had explained the way of life, he suggested that we have prayer. He asked me to pray. True, I had never done such a thing in my life

as pray God to convert a young lady there and then. But we prayed, and God answered our prayer.

"We went to other houses. He would go upstairs, and, all out of breath, would tell the girls what he had come for. It wasn't long before they broke down, and sought salvation.

"When his strength gave out, I took him back to his lodgings. The next day we went out again. At the end of ten days he came to the store with his face literally shining.

"'Mr. Moody,' he said, 'the last one of my class has yielded herself to Christ.' I tell you, we had a time of rejoicing.

"He had to leave the next night, so I called his class together that night for a prayer meeting, and there God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition had been to be a successful merchant; and if I had known that meeting was going to take that ambition out of me, I might not have gone. But how many times I have thanked God since for that meeting!

"The dying teacher sat in the midst of his class and talked with them, and read the 14th chapter of John. We tried to sing, 'Blest be the tie that binds,' after which we knelt down to pray. I was just rising from my knees when one of the class began to pray for her dying teacher. Another prayed, and another, and before we rose the whole class had prayed. As I went out I said to myself—

"'O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received to-night!'

"The next evening I went to the depôt to say good-bye to that teacher. Just before the train started, one of the class came, and before long, without any prearrangement, they were all there. What a meeting that was! We tried to sing, but we broke down. The last we saw of that dying teacher, he was standing on the platform of the rear car, his finger pointing upwards, telling that class to meet him in heaven.

"I didn't know what this was going to cost me. I was disqualified for business; it had become distasteful to me. I had got a taste of another world, and cared no more for

making money. For some days after, the greatest struggle of my life took place. Should I give up business and give myself wholly to Christian work, or should I not? God helped me to decide aright, and I have never regretted my choice. Oh, the luxury of leading some one out of the darkness of this world into the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel!"

The last year he spent in business he made £1000—quite a large sum in those days. The first year in Christian work, he did not receive more than £60. But he never wavered. He was at work for Christ, and he believed Christ would provide him means as long as He had use for him. It meant living on crackers and cheese, sleeping on benches and settees in the Y.M.C.A. hall, and other "hardships"; but through all his privations he remained steadfast to the commission which he knew he had received from on high.

When it became known that he had determined to work for Jesus, and live by faith, he was dubbed "Crazy Moody." Later, when his efforts proved successful, and he became one of the leading religious factors of the city and of the North-West, he became "Brother Moody." Later still, when his reputation extended over two continents, his title became "Mr. Moody"; and plain "Mr. Moody" or "D. L. Moody" he remained until his coronation.

He was now free to prosecute with greater activity the many labours entailed by his Sabbath school, and his new love, the Y.M.C.A. Under his leadership the latter became, like the former, a live and popular institution, whose influence was soon felt throughout the city.

CHAPTER V.

Missionary and Pastoral Labours in Chicago.

OST of the children that attended the North Market Hall were gathered from homes in which there was no Christian influence or training. Mr. Moody felt—as he expressed it—that he had the children an hour a week and the devil had them the rest of the time. That led him to start the Sabbath evening meetings, and as interest increased he was forced, and not unwillingly, to hold a service every night. Presently it was necessary to find larger quarters; and he hired a corner store that had been used as a saloon, fitted it up conveniently, and held meetings every evening for prayer and exhortation.

The tide kept coming in; and as the converts increased it became a serious question what to do with them. Mr. Moody tried to get them to join existing churches, but the poorer classes felt strange and out of place in the beautiful edifices. Besides, they had an affection for the less pretentious room where they had first been blessed; and the rough and ready methods of Mr. Moody suited them better than the more deliberate proceedings of the ordinary church service. Most of the converts had no religious antecedents, and hence had no preference for one denomination rather than another. The tie that bound them to the mission could not exist toward any church. It was inevitable, therefore, that some permanent organisation should be founded, and Mr. Moody

undertook the task of providing a building suitable for their needs.

The outcome was the Illinois Street Church, which was adapted for Sabbath school as well as church purposes. It held fifteen hundred people in the main hall, and also had several class-rooms.

The dedication took place early in 1864, and the new church became one of the most thriving and active in the city. Mr. Moody was pastor, but deacons and members alike were kept hard at work. In addition to the ordinary services, there were also special meetings for men, young men, and boys; for mothers and girls; Bible, Gospel, praise, prayer, and testimony meetings; without mentioning special occasions, such as watch-night and thanksgiving services. Besides all these, cottage meetings were held at the homes of the members, and open-air meetings. The church building was in almost constant use, and Mr. Moody was the life and moving spirit of all. It was the scene of continuous revival activity and zeal.

"It is believed that if Pandemonium were accessible," wrote a visitor to Chicago, who attended this church, "Mr. Moody would have a mission started there within a week."

It became Mr. Moody's custom to preach at the Lord's Day morning service, and conduct the Sabbath school (numbering a thousand scholars and upwards) in the afternoon. In the evening he repeated his morning address at Farwell Hall, with an enquiry meeting following; while some visiting minister or friend officiated at the church.

The happy faculty, which Mr. Moody possessed in a pre-eminent degree, of enlisting others in service, brought him into close personal touch with most of the leading Christian workers who came to Chicago, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Morley Punshon and John Darby.

One day, as Mr. Moody was leaving home to attend a convention, he received a letter from Harry Moorhouse, an Englishman, who called himself the "Boy Preacher," saying

that he was coming to Chicago, and offering to preach for him. Moorhouse was duly given the opportunity; and on Sunday morning preached from John iii. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Great interest was evoked, and this was increased when the preacher spoke from the same text in the evening. The deacons invited him to conduct services throughout the week, and great was their surprise—no greater than their profit, however—when he preached night after night from that one text, closing up thus—

"If I were to die to-night and go to heaven, and there meet Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God; and if I were to ask him how much God loves sinners, I think he would answer: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

When Mr. Moody returned to town and heard what had happened, it was a revelation to him of the inexhaustibility of Scripture, such as he had never dreamed of. From that time he became a more diligent student of the Bible. He asked Moorhouse how to study, and invited friends to his home for the first "Bible readings" that were held in America.

All these years he was in growing demand as a speaker at Sabbath-school and Y.M.C.A. conventions. He used to take these by storm, and sweep away all rules, with the result that, as often as not, the convention work would be swallowed up in a revival.

"I have been to prayer meetings every night but two for eight months," he wrote his mother as early as 5th June 1861. "The Lord is blessing my labours, and I think you would say, 'God bless you, go forward.' . . . I was away all last week to Sabbath-school conventions. Have got to go again this week, and all of next week, so you see I am driven more than I ever was in my life. I have crowded houses wherever I go. Last

week the house was full, and the sidewalk outside, so they had to open another church and I had to speak in two houses. The Lord blessed me very much, and the work commenced in good earnest, so they have sent for me again. Oh, mother, if you could be out here you would never be sorry I gave up my business; for if I had not, I suppose I should have lost everything I was worth, for all but one or two merchants in the boot and shoe trade have failed. . . ."

At one town he wanted to stop with the wickedest man in the neighbourhood. They sent him to the house of a carpenter. Mr. Moody asked him: "Do you know Jesus of Nazareth was a carpenter?" The man was so deeply interested that he was converted before his guest left.

Many anecdotes might be quoted to illustrate his abrupt method of approach on religious questions.

One night, on his way home, he saw a man leaning against a lamp-post. Stepping up to him and placing his hand on his shoulder, he said—

"Are you a Christian?"

The man flew into a rage, doubled up his fist, and got ready to pitch Mr. Moody into the gutter.

The latter said—

"I am very sorry if I have offended you, but I thought I was asking a proper question."

"Mind your own business!" roared the other.

"That is my business," he answered.

About three months later, on a bitterly cold morning about daybreak, some one knocked at Mr. Moody's door.

"Who's there?" he asked, "and what do you want?"

"I want to become a Christian," was the reply.

Mr. Moody opened the door, and to his astonishment there was the man who had cursed him for accosting him as he leaned against the lamp-post!

Said he: "I haven't had any peace since that night. Your words have haunted and troubled me. I couldn't sleep last night, and I thought that I'd come and get you to pray with me."

As a result, the man accepted Christ; and the moment he had done so asked—

"What can I do for Him?"

He taught in the Sabbath school until the war broke out, when he enlisted, and was one of the first to be shot down, but not before he had given a ringing testimony for God.

Another young man recently from the country was accosted by Mr. Moody on the street in similar style—

"Are you a Christian?"

"It's none of your business," he replied.

"Yes, it is."

"Then you must be D. L. Moody," said the stranger.

An overzealous critic, who was not an overactive worker, took Mr. Moody to task for his defects in speech, in the early days.

"You oughtn't to speak in public," he said, "you make so many mistakes in grammar."

"I know I make mistakes," was the reply, "and I lack a great many things; but I'm doing the best I can with what I've got. But look here, friend, you've got grammar enough: what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

On one occasion, Mr. Moody was one of several speakers at a convention. A minister, who followed him, took occasion in his speech to criticise him, saying that his address was made up of newspaper clippings, etc. When he sat down, Mr. Moody stepped to the front again, and said he knew it was so; that he recognised his want of learning and his inability to make a fine address; he thanked the minister for pointing out his shortcomings, and asked him to lead in prayer that God would help him to do better.

It is reported that Mr. Moody once heard some one say: 'The world has yet to see what God can do *with*, and *for*, and *through*, and *in* a man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him." The statement took hold of him. He thought to himself: "He did not say a great man, or a learned man, or a rich man, or an eloquent man, or a clever man; simply

a man. Well, I am a man. It lies with the man himself whether he will or will not make that full and entire consecration. I will try my utmost to be that man."

That spirit was evidently animating him. Letters written at this period of his life exhibited his inner purposes.

"Tell all my friends," he wrote home on 12th February 1861, "there is nothing like the religion of Jesus Christ. I am in hopes the family altar is kept up at home. . . ."

"I hope you will do all you can personally for your Saviour," he wrote to his brother Sam, 13th February 1865. "Talk for Him, pray to Him, labour for Him, and do all things for Him; and the good Lord will never leave you. Read often the 14th chapter of John."

The wideness of his charity was illustrated by his conduct towards a man who used to attend the noon prayer meetings and open-air meetings in order to make disturbance. Even Mr. Moody could not suppress him. While he stood at the door shaking hands with people at the close of the prayer meeting one day, this man came along. After a moment's hesitation, Mr. Moody stretched out his hand, and said—

"I suppose if Jesus Christ could eat the Last Supper with Judas Iscariot, I ought to shake hands with you."

CHAPTER VI.

How Mr. Moody prepared his Sermons.

FOR years Mr. Moody never expected to do any more in the way of preaching than to give five or ten minute addresses to his Sabbath-school children. By and by he procured a copy of a "Topical Text-book" as a help in Bible study, and began to prepare an address on "The Bible." This was the subject of his first attempt at a Bible reading.

His method was simple, and suited to the needs of the case. He would call upon some one in the audience to read a certain text. This would give him time to collect his thoughts, and he would then say a few words or relate an anecdote to elucidate the text. When he had exhausted the subject, he would call for another text to be read, and on this he would offer a few comments in a similar fashion. When his audiences became larger, so that he had to read the texts himself, he had to make better preparation beforehand, as there was less opportunity for impromptu comment.

Before long, Mr. Moody received an invitation from Dr. Goodwin, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Chicago, to repeat one of these Bible readings in his church. "I rubbed my eyes," he said, "to see who I was!" He had never anticipated that he would get that far in public ministry. The Bible reading he gave at Dr. Goodwin's church was on the Holy Spirit—then a neglected subject, but which now, largely owing to Mr. Moody's efforts, occupies a very prominent

place in the study and thought of Bible students throughout the world.

Mr. Moody next received an invitation to give a Bible reading in the Third Presbyterian Church; and by degrees his reputation spread throughout the city and beyond it.

He never really changed his method of making sermons, which was as follows:—

Having decided to prepare an address on any topic or text, the first thing he did was to take large envelopes, and on the outside of each write the title or reference, such as—"Heaven"—"Psalm xxiii."—"Backsliders"—"Let the wicked forsake"—"How to deal with Enquirers." In these envelopes he collected extracts copied from sermons and commentaries, cuttings from newspapers, anecdotes and illustrations from his own experience: scraps of all kinds that had any bearing on the subject under consideration. Hundreds of these envelopes are in his study—many of them bulky and showing signs of frequent use, but many representing sermons in embryo.

Whenever Mr. Moody wished to preach on a certain subject, he ran through the envelope of clippings, and selected such points and anecdotes as he desired to use. Weaving these into an outline, and taking sheets of notepaper, he wrote out catchwords, and fastened the sheets into his Bible by means of elastic bands.

Mr. Moody begins a sermon on "Repentance" by considering objections. First: "I do not feel sorry for my sins." This objection he proposed to meet by quoting Ezek. xxxiii. 11, so he cut that verse out of a large print Bible and pasted it on to this sheet, in order to avoid the necessity of turning up the references. At some later period he added—"Had not struck me"—to remind him of another frequent excuse that he met with in dealing with the unsaved. The word "obey," also added later in pencil, reminded him that *obedience*, not *feeling*, is what the Bible calls for.

Second objection: "How much and how long should I feel sorry for my sins?" This he met with 2 Cor. vii. 9, 10; also

with the command of Isa. lv. 7: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord."

"I have repented far more since I came to Christ than before," Mr. Moody next wrote down; reminding himself of a line of thought that he was fond of pressing home, namely, that repentance and the new birth are only the beginnings of an experience during which the Christian constantly needs to repent of sin and rely on the Saviour's help.

This method of making sermons he found to possess many advantages. It gave full opportunity for impromptu inspiration, as the preacher is not bound hard and fast to a written manuscript. Many of Mr. Moody's best and most frequently quoted sayings were spontaneous. He always insisted that what the Church needs is "men who can think on their feet."

It avoids monotony in the frequent repetition of a sermon. "People say I repeat my sermons," said Mr. Moody. "Of course I do; I am glad to do so. Some ministers are afraid if they repeat their sermon they will lose their reputation. Give up your reputation, and you will get along all right! If you have a sermon that has been blessed of God, don't be afraid to use it again and again." Mr. Moody must have repeated some of his sermons hundreds of times; but they always sounded fresh to the hearer. The secret undoubtedly lay partly in the nature of his subject; no one could listen to an actor or lecturer repeatedly delivering the same selection without losing interest; and for the same reason the Bible remains a fountain of perennial interest. Part was due to Mr. Moody's freshness of delivery; but credit must also be given to his method of sermon-making, which permitted a variation of outline that meant continual freshness in the substance of his address, and in the order in which his points and anecdotes were marshalled.

There are three books which Mr. Moody advised every Christian to procure: a good substantial copy of the Bible, with large clear print; a Cruden's *Concordance;* and a

"Topical Text-book." We have already seen how he turned to the last named when preparing for Bible readings. He always kept one at hand in his study, and also a *Concordance*. He was a Christian five years before he heard of the latter. A sceptic in Boston got hold of him shortly after his conversion, and young Moody tried to defend the Bible and Christianity. The sceptic made a misquotation. Moody said it wasn't in the Bible, and hunted for days and days to prove the sceptic wrong. In later years he came to realise that if he had had a *Concordance* he could have found the passage in question in a few moments.

Mr. Moody's Bibles are among the most precious treasures that he left behind. He had a large number—upwards of a score—in constant use. In his study are to be seen several that have been almost worn out; leaves loose and ragged-edged, but invaluable because of the notes and suggestions written on the margins and blank spaces.

He had a dozen "interleaved" Bibles, that is, Bibles in which every other leaf was left blank for inscribing notes and comments upon the Scriptures, facing the pages. Mr. Moody found that note-books and clippings accumulated quickly, and were likely to be laid aside and never referred to again. He therefore adopted these interleaved Bibles, where notes were always at hand. From these he used to give out "nuggets" at his meetings; and when friends borrowed a Bible in order to copy off the notes, they were expected, before returning it, to write in some nuggets.

"Don't be afraid to borrow or lend Bibles," he used to say. "Some time ago a man wanted to take my Bible home to get a few things out of it; and when it came back I found this note in it—

"*Jesus only:*

The light of heaven is the face of Jesus.
The joy of heaven is the presence of Jesus.
The melody of heaven is the name of Jesus.

The harmony of heaven is the praise of Jesus.
The theme of heaven is the work of Jesus.
The employment of heaven is the service of Jesus.
The fulness of heaven is Jesus Himself.
The duration of heaven is the eternity of Jesus."

He used to say it was worth going a thousand miles to get a good thought. With what keenness he listened to other preachers for good thoughts and illustrations; and how his face lit up with a smile as he took out the note-book he kept in his hip-pocket for nuggets! He urged this habit of making notes of all the good things one read and heard, believing that it would make the Bible more deeply interesting day by day.

Mr. Moody was an untiring Bible student. He usually arose about daybreak in summer, in order to have two or three hours alone with his Bible and his God while his mind was fresh, and before the activities of the day divided his attention. The walls of his library are occupied from floor to ceiling with book shelves. Among the volumes he prized most is a large pulpit Bible that contains the following inscription :—

"*Mr. D. L. Moody, from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, in tender memory of the beloved one gone home to God. This Bible has been used by my precious husband, and is now given with unfeigned pleasure to one in whose hands its blessed service will be continued and extended.* S. Spurgeon.

"*Westwood, London, 20th November* 1892."

This is the original Bible in which C. H. Spurgeon noted his sermons as they were printed. By means of red ink entries in the margin, he knew at once in what volume or magazine any sermon might be found. From the Bible Mr. Spurgeon used daily, Mrs. Spurgeon transcribed the inscription and pasted it on the fly-leaf of the copy she gave Mr. Moody. It reads as follows :—

"C. H. Spurgeon. 1856.
The lamp of my study.
The light is as bright as ever. 1861.

O that mine eyes were more opened! 1864.
Being worn to pieces, rebound 1870. The lantern mended and the light as joyous to mine eyes as ever."

Since Mr. Spurgeon's Bible came into Mr. Moody's possession (and at the same time a complete set of his sermons), he was in the habit of turning to it first to see if Mr. Spurgeon had preached on any text he was studying.

CHAPTER VII.

The Civil War Period.

THE outbreak of the Civil War opened up another avenue of Christian activity to Mr. Moody.

He had been an abolitionist since his Boston days, and took keen interest in the progress of current events. The day Lincoln's call for soldiers was issued, Mr. Moody was at a Sabbath-school Convention at Sycamore, Ill. Turning to a friend, he said—"We'll have to go, but we're here now. Let us do what we can to win a multitude of souls to Christ to-day."

Lincoln's visit to the North Market Hall had awakened intensest feelings of patriotism in the scholars, and seventy-five of them responded to his call. Naturally Mr. Moody's heart followed them into service. A camp was formed near the southern limits of Chicago, Camp Douglass, whither ten thousand rebel prisoners were later sent on parole. An Army and Navy Committee was immediately organised at the Y.M.C.A. With this the North-Western Branch of the U.S. Christian Commission was affiliated, after the parent organisation was founded, 16th November 1861. Mr. Moody did not care to engage himself to the Christian Commission, as he feared it would curtail his liberty and embarrass him in his wider work, in which he was having many conversions; nor, for similar reasons, would he accept urgent invitations to become a regimental chaplain.

In a letter to his mother, dated 19th November 1861, he wrote—

"I think you would like to attend our meetings in the North Market Hall. They are very large and interesting. Some nights fifteen or twenty rise for prayer. . . . I am now at work among the soldiers a good deal. I had a good time in Kentucky. The boys wanted to have me become their chaplain, but my friends would not let me go, so I shall remain in the city. . . . I would like to see you all and talk with you about my Saviour, who seems so near to me. Oh, what would life be without Christ! I sometimes get to looking down on this dark world of sin, but when I look to Jesus it makes me look up."

One of his brothers—Warren—enlisted, and this fact also turned his heart toward the army camps. Writing to his mother on 13th September 1862, he asked to be kept exactly informed as to Warren's movements, so that he could send him books. "I am holding meetings at the camp every night with the soldiers. A good many of them are turning from the error of their ways. Tell George and Ed (two brothers at Northfield) not to let that prayer meeting go down. Pray on. They have great reason to pray now. God seems to be waiting to have this nation call on Him. I do hope these meetings will be kept up, and that the friends of Jesus will not grow weary; and, mother, I wish you would talk to Warren about his soul. Tell him that you will pray for him daily, and God will answer your prayers. Tell him not to play cards, for it leads to gambling, and gambling leads to hell."

By gospel services, prayer meetings, song services (religious and patriotic); by the distribution of Bibles, books, and tracts; and by personal visitation, Moody tried to win the soldiers to Christ. He organised the professed Christians into "Bands of Brothers," who were to carry "the Banner of Christ" with them, and be loyal to each other and to the cause they professed. The 72nd Illinois Regiment was first called the "Y.M.C.A. Regiment," the idea being to have a regiment of Ironsides, every man in the ranks a Christian. Mr. Moody revelled in the abundant opportunities the gathering of the troops gave him for Christian activity.

Nine times Mr. Moody went to the front—sometimes as a member of the Christian Commission to preach and minister to the soldiers, sometimes at the request of the Sanitary Commission or the Chicago Citizen's Committee to take supplies to the wounded after battle. He was on the ground ministering to the wounded after the battles of Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, Shiloh, and Murfreesboro, with the army at Cleveland and Chattanooga, and among the first to enter Richmond.

He was a great favourite with the soldiers, and highly respected for his self-sacrificing labours. Each evening, while at the front, the boys would gather round a blazing camp-fire and listen to his earnest appeals. It was his habit to drop into the tents and talk earnestly to the soldiers, remonstrating with those who indulged in profanity. Knowing many of the soldiers in several of the regiments, he was personally solicitous for their welfare, and prayed God to give them victory over sin, Satan, and the rebels. His voice might often be heard rising in prayer from the tents of the ungodly. While serving with the command of General O. O. Howard, who was in thorough sympathy with his efforts, his ministry was especially fruitful.

In many ways these war experiences served to prepare Mr. Moody for his larger work. It brought him prominently before the whole country. His Chicago noon prayer meetings became a rallying ground, where he and his fellow-workers met and reported on their frequent excursions to the front. People from all over the North-west sent in at these meetings requests for prayer, on behalf of husbands, brothers, sons. Mr. Moody learnt, in dealing with the dying, how dangerous it is to delay in the matter of eternal salvation, and thus his faculty of prompt, personal dealing with the unsaved was developed. He learned precious truths as to the comfort of the Gospel, the readiness of God to hear and answer prayer, and the value of His promises. His own faith increased. Besides, he gathered a fund of anecdotes and incidents which proved effective in after years in illustrating his sermons.

CHAPTER VIII.

Farwell Hall Activities.

THE increasing prosperity of the Y.M.C.A. under Mr. Moody's active leadership speedily demanded larger accommodation. The board of managers thought, planned, and prayed for a building of their own—they did everything but act. Finally it was proposed that Mr. Moody, who had recently been successful in erecting the Illinois Street Church, should be elected president, and John V. Farwell, vice-president. But Mr. Moody was considered too radical to be president, so the names were reversed. While the election was proceeding, Mr. Moody was out getting pledges, and before night a building was assured that should contain a hall with seating capacity of three thousand, as well as rooms for smaller meetings, and offices. It is said to be the first Y.M.C.A. building in America.

The dedication, on 29th September 1867, was a notable event in religious annals. George H. Stuart, president of the U.S. Christian Commission, travelled eight hundred miles to be present. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, many visitors gathering from other towns and States. The inter-denominational character of the Y.M.C.A. was proved by the presence of ministers of all denominations—and this at a time when its work was only beginning, and jealous eyes were watching lest it should prove to be a rival of the churches.

Mr. Moody's speech that night recounted the goodness of God in leading them from small beginnings to their present position of influence. He advocated aggressive attack upon the strongholds of sin, saying they had been on the defensive too long. He prophesied that the work was only in its infancy.

It was intended to name the hall after Mr. Moody, in honour of his strenuous and successful efforts on its behalf; but when the proper moment came, Mr. Moody took the platform and made a short, passionate appeal that the audience name it "Farwell Hall," in honour of the man who was chairman of the building committee, and a liberal helper. The proposal was carried with acclamation.

Mr. Moody was continually raising money for the erection of churches, missions, and Y.M.C.A. buildings in Great Britain and America, but he disclaimed all honour for his share in the work, and always suppressed attempts to use his name.

The following January the building was burned down, entailing great loss, as it was only partially insured. Mr. Moody took matters in hand so promptly, however, that it was said he had subscriptions for a new building before the fire was out. The following year the second Farwell Hall, superior in many respects to the first, was completed and dedicated. This second building was destroyed in the great fire of 1871.

For two years Mr. Moody was president of the Y.M.C.A.

CHAPTER IX.

First Visit to England and the Continent, in 1867.

N 1867 the doctor suggested a sea voyage for Mrs. Moody, who had a harassing cough. As Mr. Moody had an earnest desire to hear and meet Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and Mr. George Müller, it was decided that they make a journey to England. They started on 22nd February of that year.

At this time Mr. Moody was unknown in England, except to such friends as had visited America. Among these was Fountain J. Hartley, Secretary of the London Sunday School Union, who invited Mr. Moody to speak at an anniversary meeting in Exeter Hall. Mr. Moody was asked to move a vote of thanks to the chairman of the evening, who in this instance was the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury.

Toward the close of the meeting the chairman yielded his place to the vice-chairman, in order that such a resolution could be proposed. The vice-chairman announced that they were glad to welcome their "American cousin, the Reverend Mr. Moody, of Chicago," who would now "move a vote of thanks to the noble Earl" who had presided on this occasion.

This programme was quite out of Mr. Moody's way of doing things. With refreshing frankness, and an utter disregard of conventionalities and mere compliments, Mr. Moody burst upon the audience with the bold announcement—

"The chairman has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the 'Reverend' Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight

L. Moody, a Sabbath-school worker. And then I'm not your 'American cousin.' By the grace of God I'm your brother, who is interested, with you, in our Father's work for His children.

"And now about this vote of thanks to 'the noble Earl' for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him, any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois, he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty, and they tried to do theirs. He thought it was an even thing all round."

That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Its novelty was delightful, and Mr. Moody carried his English hearers from that time on.

He soon found his way to the Y.M.C.A. in Aldersgate Street, and his experiences of Gospel work in Chicago were told with a freshness and vigour that captivated all who heard him. The unique and original way in which he pursued his reclamatory efforts among the rough and lawless children of Chicago was described with thrilling interest.

Mr. Moody had an interview with Mr. Spurgeon, but failed to induce him to make a trip to America. He also went to Bristol. "Bristol," he wrote to his mother, "is where George Müller's great orphan schools are. He has fifteen hundred children in his house, but never asks a man for a cent of money to support them. He calls on God, and God sends the money to him. It is wonderful to see what God can do with a man of prayer."

Before sailing from New York, a friend had strongly advised him not to miss meeting the missionary veteran, Dr. Duff, and also to see Dr. Guthrie's work in Edinburgh. Thither, therefore, Mr. Moody went; and though he failed in his special purpose, he had the opportunity of speaking one night in the Free Assembly Hall, and of meeting several prominent religious leaders.

The only other place of special interest that Mr. Moody

visited on this trip was Paris, whither he went with his wife for a week in order to avoid the trying English climate. He spent the time sight-seeing. The Paris Exposition was then in progress.

He left a permanent impress upon English religious life by establishing a noon prayer meeting at the Aldersgate Street Y.M.C.A., similar to the Chicago noon prayer meeting. "I have sent you an account of the daily noon prayer meeting I have at last got started here," he wrote his mother. "It is a great success, and they are starting them in different parts of the city. I am in hopes that great good will come from it. They are also starting them in different parts of the kingdom."

CHAPTER X.

How Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey first came together.

MR. MOODY'S name is, throughout the world, closely associated with that of Ira D. Sankey. By many the two are thought of as one person. They met for the first time in the year 1870, at the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at Indianapolis, Indiana. They had heard of each other, but had never met. Mr. Sankey was already known for his ability to win souls by his singing of hymns; but neither figured very prominently as leaders of the exercises at the Convention.

At that time Mr. Sankey was a Government officer in Newcastle, Pa., holding a commission in the Internal Revenue Service. He was thirty years of age, having been born at Edinburgh, Lawrence Co., Pa., on 28th August 1840. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but his religious work had been conducted only during leisure hours, and from an early age had been in the direction of singing.

He had heard enough of Mr. Moody to make him curious to see him and hear him; and when he went to the Indianapolis Convention he immediately commenced to look for the young man from Chicago. Their first meeting did not occur until a day or so after their arrival, and then under rather novel circumstances.

It was announced that "Mr. Moody from Chicago" would

Ira D. Sankey.

conduct a prayer meeting on Sabbath morning at six o'clock, in a Baptist Church, some distance away from the Academy of Music where the Convention was held. Notwithstanding the early hour Mr. Sankey determined to take advantage of the opportunity to see and hear the man whom until that time he had been unable to find. The distance to the church was much greater than he had anticipated, and the service was half through when he arrived and took a seat near the door.

At the conclusion of a lengthy prayer a friend, the Rev. Robert M'Millen, urged Mr. Sankey to start right in with a hymn, as there seemed to be no one in charge of the singing. Without waiting for further invitation Mr. Sankey rose and sang—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

The congregation joined in.

When the meeting was brought to a close, Mr. M'Millen asked Mr. Sankey to step forward, and he would introduce him to Mr. Moody.

As Mr. Sankey drew near, Mr. Moody, recognising the one who had led the singing, took him by the hand, and said—

"Where are you from?"

"Pennsylvania," replied Mr. Sankey.

"Married?"

"Yes; I have a wife and two children."

"What do you do for a living when you are at home?"

"I am in the Government service."

All this time Mr. Moody had been holding Mr. Sankey's hand. Looking into his face with his keen eyes, he said—

"Well, you'll have to give up business."

Mr. Sankey stood amazed, and was at a loss to understand just what Mr. Moody meant by telling him he would have to give up what was to him a good position, and one affording a comfortable living. He was so taken aback for a few seconds

that he could make no reply. Mr. Moody, however, explained what he meant.

"You'll have to give up your Government position, and come with me. You are the man I have been looking for for the last eight years. I want you to come with me and help me in my work in Chicago."

Mr. Sankey had by this time partly recovered from his surprise; but the thought of giving up a good position for an uncertainty was too much, and he begged for time in which to consider the matter. Mr. Moody asked him if he would pray over the question, and out of politeness Mr. Sankey said he would.

That was on Sabbath. All that day and night Mr. Sankey thought over Mr. Moody's words, but the next morning found him still inclined to stick to the Government position with his salary assured every month. Just at a moment when he was inclined to be wavering, a card was brought to him. It was from Mr. Moody, asking him to meet him that evening at six o'clock at a certain street corner to sing. Mr. Sankey wrote an acceptance upon the back of the card, and returned it to Mr. Moody, saying he would be there. Together with a few friends he went to the appointed place at the hour named, and in a few moments Mr. Moody arrived.

Without even stopping, Mr. Moody walked into a store and asked permission to use a large store box for a pulpit. Permission being given, Mr. Moody rolled the box out to the street corner, and, climbing upon it, asked Mr. Sankey to sing a hymn.

After one or two hymns had been sung, Mr. Moody commenced to preach. The working-men were just on their way home from the mills and factories, and in a short time a large crowd had gathered. Mr. Sankey says that Mr. Moody preached that evening from that store-box as he had never heard anyone preach before.

The crowd stood spellbound as the words flowed from Mr. Moody's lips with wonderful force and rapidity. After he had

talked for about fifteen minutes, he leaped down from the box, announced that he was going to hold a meeting at the Academy of Music, and invited the crowd to accompany him there. Mr. Sankey and his friends marched down the street four abreast, singing, "Shall we gather at the river?"

It took but a few minutes to pack the lower floor of the Academy of Music. Mr. Moody saw that the men in their working clothes were seated before he ascended the platform to speak. His second address was as captivating as the one delivered at the street corner, and it was not until the delegates had arrived for the evening session of the Convention that the meeting was brought to a close.

Mr. Sankey was still undecided when Mr. Moody again brought up the question of their going together. However, the impression made on his mind by these two services was so great that after a period of about ten months he accepted an invitation to spend a week with Mr. Moody in Chicago; and before that week was over he had sent his commission to the Secretary of the Treasury. From that time to the day of Mr. Moody's death they continued their labours in unbroken harmony and accord.

Mr. Moody's opinion as to the value of singing in religious services was very decided. Shortly before his decease he said—

"I feel sure the great majority of people do like singing, and I purpose to make it a prominent feature of all my services. It helps to build up an audience—even if you do preach a dry sermon. If you have singing that reaches the heart, it will fill the church every time."

He used to say that there is more said in the Bible about praise than about prayer; and that music and song not only accompanied all Scripture revivals, but were essential in deepening spiritual life. "We owe some of our best hymns to seasons like those, when in the family and church, in the factory and street, the great truths of the Gospel are heard in song. Singing does at least as much as preaching to impress

the word of God upon people's minds. During the forty years since God first called me, the importance of praise expressed in song has grown upon me." It was his constant effort to promote good, lively singing in the church, and also in the home.

CHAPTER XI.

The Chicago Fire, and after.

THE year 1871 was critical in Mr. Moody's career. He realised more and more how little he was fitted by personal acquirements for his work. An intense hunger and thirst for spiritual power were aroused in him by the action of two holy women, who used to attend his meetings and sit on the front seat. He could see by the expression on their faces that they were praying. At the close of the services they would say to him—

"We have been praying for you."

"Why don't you pray for the people?" Mr. Moody would ask.

"Because you need the power of the Spirit," they said.

"I need the power! Why," said Mr. Moody, speaking of it in after years, "I thought I had power. I had the largest congregations in Chicago, and there were many conversions. I was in a sense satisfied. But right along, those two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about anointing for special service set me thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive the filling of the Holy Spirit. There came a great hunger into my soul. I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I really felt that I did not want to live any longer if I could not have this power for service."

While Mr. Moody was in this mental and spiritual condition, Chicago was laid in ashes. The great fire commenced on 8th October 1871, and swept out of existence both Farwell Hall and Illinois Street Church. Mr. Moody had been preaching a series of sermons on "The Life of Christ" in Farwell Hall for five Sabbath nights. He traced the Saviour from the cradle to the judgment hall, and that night made what he considered was as great a blunder as he ever made in his life. The court-house bell was sounding an alarm of fire, but he paid no attention to it. They were accustomed to hear the fire-bell often, and it did not disturb them much when it sounded.

Mr. Moody finished his sermon upon "What shall I do with Jesus?" and said to the audience—

"Now, I want you to take the question with you and think it over, and next Sunday I want you to come back and tell me what you are going to do with Him."

"What a mistake!" he said afterwards; "it seems as if Satan was in my mind when I said this. Since then I have never dared to give an audience a week to think of their salvation. If they were lost they might rise up in judgment against me.

"I remember Mr. Sankey singing, and how his voice rang when he came to that pleading verse—

"'To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly!
The storm of Justice falls,
And death is nigh!'"

After the meeting, as Mr. Moody went homeward, he saw the glare of flames, and knew it meant ruin to Chicago. About one o'clock Farwell Hall was burned. Soon his church went down. Everything was scattered. About midnight the fierceness of the fire seemed to be waning, and they thought the firemen would gain the upper hand, as they had done the night before. The family retired; but within an hour a loud call was made to all the residents of their street to hasten their escape. The fire had crossed the river, and was rapidly advancing.

It was too late to think of saving much more than could be carried in the hands. A neighbour took Mr. Moody's two children in his already crowded carriage, and made his escape north. A few articles of silver and some valued tokens of friendship were hastily placed in a baby cart. But there was one article Mrs. Moody's heart was set upon saving. This was a portrait in oil of Mr. Moody, by the artist Healy, that hung on the wall of their parlour. It was a gift from the artist, presented to Mrs. Moody after the return from the first trip to Europe in 1867, when a free lease of this home, completely furnished, was presented to Mr. Moody by his Chicago friends. This portrait Mrs. Moody prized above anything the home contained. A stranger who had entered the house assisted in taking it from the wall. Calling Mr. Moody, his wife urged him to save it for her. The ludicrous side of the situation at once appealed to him, notwithstanding the terror of that awful night.

"Take my own picture!" he said. "Well, that would be amusing. Suppose I am met on the street by friends in the same plight as ourselves, and they say, 'Hullo, Moody, glad you have escaped; what's that you have saved, and cling to so affectionately?'—wouldn't it sound fine to reply: 'Oh, I've got my own picture'?"

No entreaty could prevail on Mr. Moody; but the canvas was hastily knocked out of the heavy gold frame, and carried off by Mrs. Moody herself. A black eye and a bruised face were part of the price paid for this effort; for once on the street it was a constant struggle between the bearer of the panel and the terrific wind that was blowing, for possession of the prize. Love won, but only after a continuous battle. This portrait now hangs on the wall of the Northfield home, bringing to mind that night of fiery ordeal that tried many a man's soul.

As soon as his wife and family were safe with friends, Mr. Moody devoted himself to relief work. Before long he left for the East, to raise money for the homeless, and also for a new church. George H. Stuart and John Wanamaker, of

Philadelphia, and other friends in the East, raised £600; and a temporary building, 75 by 100 feet, was immediately reared on a site not far from that of the former church. On 24th December 1871, just two months and fifteen days after the fire, this building (known as the North Side Tabernacle) was dedicated.

But that Eastern visit was productive of greater blessing in Mr. Moody's life. The hunger for more spiritual power was still upon him. The fire did not dismiss the yearning. "My heart was not in the work for begging," he said. "I could not appeal. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—ah, what a day!—I cannot describe it, I seldom refer to it, it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say, God revealed Himself to me; and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths; and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you should give me all the world—it would be as the small dust of the balance."

When he returned to Chicago, his mission work at the new Tabernacle went forward successfully. Revival fires were kindled anew, and blazed long and brightly.

Within a year, steps were taken to erect a permanent building. The land on which the present church stands was secured. Contributions came in from all quarters, thousands of Sabbath-school children contributing five cents each to buy bricks. For two years the basement of the present building was temporarily roofed over, and used for meetings; and, finally, as a subsequent chapter will explain, means were provided for the completion of the structure, which has since been known as the Chicago Avenue Church, or "Moody's Church."

CHAPTER XII.

Second Visit to England, 1872.

WHILE the audiences at the North Side Tabernacle were large, and the meetings fruitful in results, it was impossible for Mr. Moody to do any visitation work, as there were no homes within reach. The fire had laid the city in ashes for a large area surrounding the Tabernacle. Where the people came from to attend the meetings was a mystery. Such as built shanties among the ruins were constantly moving.

Finding, therefore, that he could be spared from Chicago, and desiring to learn more of the Bible at the feet of English Bible students, Mr. Moody determined to cross the sea again. He started in June 1872.

This visit demands special consideration, on account of one incident that undoubtedly marked another turning-point in Mr. Moody's career.

He was determined not to undertake any work, if he could help it; but one day he went into the prayer meeting at Old Bailey, and at the close of the service the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, pastor of a church in the north of London, asked him to preach for him the next Sabbath. Mr. Moody consented.

The place seemed very dead and cold at the morning service. The people did not appear to be very much interested. It seemed to him as if he had been beating the air, and he felt as if it had been a lost morning.

The next service was at half-past six in the evening, and

while he was preaching, it seemed as if the very atmosphere were charged with the Spirit of God. There came a hush from heaven upon the people, which showed that God was searching their hearts. He had not been much in prayer that day, and could not understand it.

When he had finished preaching, he asked all who would like to become Christians to rise, so that he might pray for them. They rose by hundreds all over the church—it seemed as if the whole audience were getting up.

Mr. Moody said to himself: "These people did not understand me. They did not know what I meant when I asked them to rise."

He had never seen so many rise in America, and did not know what to make of it, so he put that test again.

"Now," he said, "all of you that want to become Christians, just step into the enquiry-room."

They went in and crowded the room so that extra chairs had to be taken in to seat them all. The minister was surprised, and so was Mr. Moody. Neither had expected such a blessing. They had not faith to believe that God could save by hundreds and thousands as well as by ones and twos.

When Mr. Moody again asked those that really wanted to become Christians to rise, up rose the whole audience. He did not know what to do, so he told all who were really in earnest to meet the pastor there the next night.

Next day he went over to Dublin, but on Tuesday morning he got a letter urging him to return, and saying there were more enquirers on Monday than on Sabbath. He went back and held meetings for ten days, and four hundred were taken into that church.

After some time the secret of this marvellous manifestation of the Spirit's working was revealed. There were two sisters that belonged to that church. One was strong, the other was bed-ridden. One day, as the sick woman was bemoaning her condition, the thought came to her that she could pray, and

she began to pray God to revive the church of which she was a member. Day and night her prayer went up to God, but the church still remained cold and dead.

One day she read in a paper an account of some meetings Mr. Moody had held in America, and, though she did not know him, she began to pray to God to send him to her church.

Her sister came home that Sabbath, after Mr. Moody had preached, and said—

"Well, who do you think preached this morning?"

She guessed the names of a good many with whom her pastor was in the habit of exchanging.

Finally her sister said: "It was Mr. Moody, from America."

The bed-ridden saint turned pale, and said—

"I know what that means. God has heard my prayer."

She spent that afternoon in fasting and prayer, and in the evening the answer came in fire from heaven. Mr. Moody believed that that revival brought him back to England the next year. As a result of it, he received invitations from Rev. William Pennefather, rector of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, London, and Mr. Bainbridge, a prominent Methodist layman of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to hold meetings. But he had not come prepared for a long stay, and so returned to America after three months, and rejoined his family, being urgently invited, however, to return to England the following year.

CHAPTER XIII.

Great English Campaign, with Mr. Sankey, 1873-75.

MR. MOODY decided to accept the invitation that had been pressed upon him, and waited for the funds which had been promised for the expense of the ocean voyage. He arranged with Mr. Sankey, who was at that time choir-leader of Mr. Moody's church and Sabbath school, to accompany him.

Steamship passage was engaged for both families, but weeks went by and the promised funds did not arrive. Mr. Moody could not understand it. Finally, believing that God's leading was distinctly towards England, he was obliged to go to a friend with whom he had just deposited about £90 to invest during his absence, and get back this money. Another friend, quite unconscious of the real situation, handed him a cheque for £100 the day before he left Chicago. The greater portion of these two sums was expended in paying for ocean passage for the party.

They arrived at Queenstown in due time. There Mr. Moody received word that explained the non-receipt of the promised money. The two cordial and devoted Christian friends, on whom he was relying for moral and financial support, were both in their graves.

After reading the letter through, Mr. Moody turned to Mr. Sankey and said—

"God seems to have closed the doors. We will not open any ourselves. If He open the door we will go in; otherwise we will return at once to America."

On landing at Liverpool, 17th June 1873, they went directly to the North Western Hotel, where they spent the evening. Three gentlemen, who had noticed their names in the list of arrivals, called upon them at the hotel for a short time. During the evening Mr. Moody discovered in one of his pockets an unopened letter which he had received, just before leaving New York, from the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at York, saying that he had heard of his work in America among young men, and that he hoped if he ever came to England he would come there, and speak at the Association.

Mr. Moody at once remarked: "This door is only ajar, but we will consider the letter as God's hand leading to York, and we will go there."

After speaking one night at Liverpool, Mr. Moody with his wife and children proceeded to London, and Mr. Sankey and his wife went to Manchester to the home of the one man that he knew in England—Henry Moorhouse. Three days later they met again at York and commenced to hold meetings.

The clergy at first were strongly inclined to look upon the new-comers with suspicion and disfavour, and consequently held aloof. The attendance was small to begin with. But gradually the meetings grew in interest, the clergy co-operated, the hymns took hold of the people, and both the preaching and the singing became the subject of public conversation throughout the community. The preaching was for believers rather than for the unconverted.

"Yes, thank God, I know Mr. Moody," wrote Rev. F. B. Meyer, of Christ Church, London, not long ago; "I have known him ever since a memorable Monday morning in 1873. I can see him now standing up to lead the first noon prayer meeting in a small ill-lit room in Coney Street, York, little realising that it was the seed-germ of a mighty harvest, and

that a movement was beginning that would culminate in a few months in Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, and ultimately in the Agricultural Hall and the Royal Opera House, London. It was the birth-time of new conceptions of ministry, new methods of work, new inspirations and hopes."

The first week a short notice appeared in *The Christian*, announcing the presence of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and stating that if any pastors wanted them to carry on evangelistic services in their churches, they might make arrangements by writing.

After five weeks of meetings in York, resulting in the professed conversion of several hundreds of people, they passed on to the seaport town of Sunderland. Here their meetings were still more largely attended. A better spirit was evident, and much larger numbers professed conversion. The chapel in which their first meetings were held soon became too small for the audience, necessitating the use of one of the largest halls in the north of England. The town had been placarded, in advance of their coming, with posters that read :

"Moody will preach the Gospel.
Sankey will sing the Gospel."

Thus giving birth to the latter expression, which is now so current.

After six weeks spent in Sunderland and outlying districts, they were invited to Newcastle-on-Tyne. They had now gained the sympathy of nearly all the ministers of all denominations except some of the Established Church, who, learning that they were both unordained men, refused in any way to countenance them. After a few weeks of very successful meetings, the editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, the late Mr. Joseph Cowen, then a member of Parliament for that district, wrote about the meetings in his paper, speaking of them as a "wonderful religious phenomenon." On the whole, it was a friendly review and criticism of the work.

It was a very unusual thing then for such a prominent secular

paper to discuss religious matters, and Mr. Cowen's article created a profound impression throughout England. Invitations to hold services began to pour in from all sides.

The fame of the Newcastle revival reached Edinburgh, and ministers and laymen went to investigate. The result was an invitation from a large and representative committee to hold meetings in that city. Acceptance followed, and the most interesting and wonderful meetings the evangelist had yet held took place.

Special preparatory prayer meetings had been organised, and everything was done to ensure success. But there was much prejudice and criticism to overcome. Mr. Sankey's singing was contrary to Scotch ideas. His organ was called a "kist o' whistles," and was regarded as an abomination. Mr. Moody's fiery speech and action stood out in peculiar contrast with the staid demeanour and solemn spirit of the ordinary Scotch divine. But his simple and scriptural style of preaching soon won his hearers. The interest was intense from the first, and the crowds enormous. No one building was sufficiently commodious, and three or four overflow meetings were held simultaneously. The newspapers gave ample reports of the meetings, and soon the news of the revival was telegraphed all over the country.

All classes of society were influenced. Dr. Horatius Bonar declared his belief that there was scarcely a Christian household in the whole city in which one or more persons had not been converted. People came in from miles around to attend the meetings, or to get some one to come to their town, or hamlet, and tell of the wonderful work, thus spreading the fire throughout the land. It was while organising services for students there that Mr. Moody first met Henry Drummond, himself a student. Recognising his ability, Mr. Moody attached him to himself, and got him to devote the next year or two to work among young men in the cities they visited.

Withal, there was a solemn stillness in the meetings, and a complete absence of emotional excitement.

After spending three months in Edinburgh, the evangelists went to Dundee, and thence for a four months' campaign to Glasgow. "The career of these men has been like the rolling of a snowball," wrote the minister who had invited them to Sunderland; "it gathers as it goes; at first a handful, then a hill." One of the closing meetings at Glasgow was for converts, of whom 3500 were admitted by ticket. So great was the crowd on the last Sabbath evening—estimated at 50,000—that Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey did not go inside the Kibble Crystal Palace where the meeting was advertised to be held, but preached to the multitude in the open air, standing on the box of a carriage.

Similar scenes of revival interest followed as the evangelists visited other towns in Scotland, as far north as John o' Groats. Scotland was stirred to its depths, in a degree never known before. Mr. Moody, with Mr. Sankey, has visited that country two or three times since then, and has always received an enthusiastic welcome, with good spiritual results. Well might Lord Overtoun telegraph on the occasion of his death :—

"All Scotland mourns."

In September 1874, Messrs. Moody and Sankey began to hold meetings in Belfast, Ireland. On the first Sabbath, it is estimated that four times as many people gathered as could get into the building. Other centres were visited in Ireland, the tour culminating in immense meetings in the great Exhibition Palace in Dublin. The evangelists had made almost as deep an impression upon Ireland as upon Scotland.

Returning to England, they visited Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other towns, with the same demonstrations of the Spirit and of power. Finally, on 9th March 1875, they entered upon their great London campaign, which lasted until 12th July.

The immense size and population of London made it necessary to strike successively at different points so as to reach the whole. The city and suburbs were therefore divided into four quarters, for each of which a secretary was

appointed. Local committees were also formed, subordinate to the central committee. The enthusiasm was intense throughout. Greater crowds than ever attended. The Agricultural Hall, North London, was constantly overcrowded, although its capacity was variously estimated from 15,000 to 20,000. The Royal Opera House, in the fashionable West End, with seating capacity of 5000, could have been filled three or four times over. The windows of all the booksellers were hung with pictures of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The daily papers gave extended reports of the meetings. Penny editions of "Sacred Songs and Solos" were hawked in the streets. Not only was London itself stirred, but the revival became a world-wide wonder.

At this time Mr. Moody was only thirty-eight years of age. Nobody was more surprised than he at the magnitude of the work initiated in York under such unpromising conditions two years before. From a little mission among the street arabs of Chicago, he had been led of God to make perhaps the deepest and most far-reaching religious impression that had as yet been made upon Great Britain and Ireland, and, through these, upon the whole English-speaking world.

Through it all Mr. Moody remained perfectly humble before his God. "I am glad you have the papers," he once wrote to his mother, "it will be as good as a letter from me, in fact better, for I would not like to have to write so much about myself."

Dr. R. W. Dale, one of the leading Nonconformists of England, closely observed Mr. Moody for three or four days after he went to Birmingham, at different kinds of meetings, trying to discover the secret of his power. Then he told Mr. Moody that the work was most plainly of God, for he could see no relation between him personally and the work he was doing.

Mr. Moody laughed cheerily, and said he would be very sorry if it were otherwise.

Dr. Dale had a profound respect for Mr. Moody, and con-

sidered that he had a right to preach the Gospel, "because," he said, "he could never speak of a lost soul without tears of Christly compassion in his eyes."

Some of the direct results of this English tour may be summarised as follows:—

Thousands of the unsaved and thousands of backslidden Christians were led into closer communion with God. A spirit of evangelism was awakened, which has never died out. A large number of city missions and other active aggressive organisations was established. Denominational differences were buried to a remarkable degree. Ministers of all denominations were drawn into co-operation on a common platform—the salvation of the lost. Bibles were reopened, and Bible study received a wonderful impetus. Long-standing prejudices were swept away. New life was infused into all methods of Christian activity. No attempt was made to proselytise, but converts were passed over to existing churches for nurture and admonition in the things of the Lord. Singing received due recognition in the worship of God. Lord Shaftesbury once said that if Mr. Sankey had done no more than teach the hymn "Hold the Fort," he had conferred an inestimable benefit on the British Empire.

The *New York Tribune* commented editorially on the work in England as follows:—

"There can be but one opinion as to the sincerity of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. They are not money-makers, they are not charlatans. Decorous, conservative England, which reprobated both their work and the manner of it, held them in the full blaze of scrutiny for months, and could not detect in them a single motive which was not pure."

After spending a few weeks with friends in Wales, speaking occasionally, Mr. Moody preached a farewell sermon in Liverpool on 3rd August 1875, and sailed for America the following day.

CHAPTER XIV.

Birth of the Moody and Sankey Hymn-Books.

NOTHER episode that illustrated Mr. Moody's persistence and faith was the birth and growth of the "Moody and Sankey Hymn-Books." The great mission these books have had, not alone in singing their way with Gospel gladness into the hearts of millions, but also in singing up great institutions of education and biblical training, is one of the romances of religion and commerce.

When Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey reached England, they found a type of hymns in the churches different from what they had been used to, and inappropriate for their purpose. Mr. Sankey might sing his solos; but, in order to ensure congregational singing, a book of American hymns was imperative.

No publisher could be found, however, to undertake the risk. As a matter of business it was not promising. Mr. Sankey did not believe in it. Even Mrs. Moody's faith did not rise to the occasion. Standing absolutely alone, but never flinching, Mr. Moody was therefore obliged to print at his own risk and expense. He invested all the money he had left (about £20) in a small "words only" edition of hymns. These were sold in the meetings at a penny a copy.

The supply was quickly exhausted. A publisher was now quite ready to assume the risk of a new edition, and agreed to pay a liberal royalty. This arrangement was accepted by Mr. Moody, with the thought that it might in part pay expenses for

which he had made himself personally liable. So great was the growing interest that little attention was paid to the matter of royalties, which were left to accumulate. In fact it soon became a problem, what should be done with the sum due.

At the close of the London campaign, and shortly before Messrs. Moody and Sankey were to return home, the publishers' statement showed that the sum to Mr. Moody's credit on this royalty account was no less than £7000. Mr. Moody intimated to his London Committee that this amount was at their disposal, to be used for Christian work as they should direct, stating he would not take any of the money for himself. The Committee refused to accept the fund, asserting that it belonged to Mr. Moody personally, and they did not propose to allow him to pay this large sum for the privilege of preaching to them. Here was a peculiar case—money going begging for want of a receiver.

One of the officers of the Chicago Avenue Church, Chicago, hearing of this predicament, suggested to the London Committee that the sum be forwarded to Chicago to complete the building of that church. Owing to the panic of 1873–74, pledges made for the erection of this building had become worthless. Work was stopped when only the first—or lecture room—storey was built. A temporary roof covered this, and here services had been held for two years.

The suggestion was adopted, the money paid over, and "Moody's Church" was completed.

So successful has been the sale of succeeding hymn-books, that the amount realised in royalties in America alone has doubtless exceeded a million dollars; but *not one cent of this has ever found its way into the pockets of either Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey.* It has all been administered by trustees for the benefit of Y.M.C.A.'s, churches, and (of late years) Mr. Moody's schools at Northfield.

CHAPTER XV.

Return to America, and the Great Meetings in the Seventies.

IT is beyond the truth to say, as some have said, that Great Britain "discovered" D. L. Moody. He was a widely-known and widely-honoured Christian worker when he started upon that momentous third visit to the motherland. But it is undoubtedly true that he returned to America with his fame greatly enhanced. The display of his powers (both natural and bestowed) upon a scene so conspicuous, and the magnitude of the results achieved, profoundly impressed the whole Christian world. Indeed, from that time dates Mr. Moody's world-wide fame.

Naturally his own countrymen followed his course through the three kingdoms most closely, and with deepest interest. The newspaper stories of the unprecedented meetings in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast, and Dublin, spread through the United States both the desire for, and faith in, a great revival whenever Mr. Moody should return to his native land. Expectation of blessing, as is well known to students of the history of revivals, creates the atmosphere favourable to the new birth.

Months before the close of the work in England, calls for Mr. Moody's services had been pouring in upon him, and the whole of America was open before him. With his unfailing strategic insight he made his choice.

"Cities," he said, "are the centres of influence. Water runs down hill, and the highest hills in America are the great cities. If we can stir them we shall stir the whole country."

And so he began that series of meetings, unequalled in numbers, power, and fruitage in the religious history of the United States.

Into New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, and later in the less important cities, he carried the Gospel fire. Invariably he rallied about him the strongest laymen in the community. The ablest men of business gave not only of their means to the necessary expenses of the work, but themselves as well. They felt drawn to this strong dominant personality, and gladly followed his leadership.

To the very end of his life Mr. Moody retained the unbounded confidence of men of business. At a dinner in New York, not a year before his death, a guest said to a great railway magnate who was present—

"How is it that while you and other like men are all but inaccessible, fenced in by closed doors and polite but immovable private secretaries, D. L. Moody sees you at any time?"

"He is one of us," was the reply.

In this great series of meetings Mr. Moody's gifts were in full exercise. His methods combined the siege and the assault. Sometimes, as in Baltimore and St. Louis, he spent months in a place, studying the situation with unfailing sagacity, covering the entire city with meetings in which he utilised the ministers and lay workers, and often, especially toward the end, calling to his aid brother evangelists and singers from far and near. His objects were not only immediate results in conversion,—though this, needless to say, held the first place,—but also the permanent quickening of the life of the churches, and especially the promotion of Bible study. Great stress was put upon this from the first. Mr. Moody usually devoted the afternoon meetings to Bible readings, and no one who heard them will ever forget the impression of those fresh,

original, and deeply spiritual expositions. But the meetings themselves were, after all, the most marvellous of all the manifestations of power in this memorable campaign.

No church or hall would seat the thousands who flocked to hear. Resort was therefore had to such vast roofed-in spaces as could be found. In New York the immense building known as the Hippodrome was utilised for the meetings. Built originally for a railway station, and subsequently remodelled as a circus, it was admirably adapted for such meetings as those of Moody and Sankey. Varying in minor detail in different places, the meetings were, in essentials, very much alike. The following interesting description by Nathaniel P. Babcock, an eye-witness of the scenes in the Hippodrome which he describes, may serve to give a truthful idea of Mr. Moody's work in the seventies :—

"To the Hippodrome!" was the cry of the Protestant religious world of New York during the early months of the year 1876—twenty-four years ago; and yet the strangeness of those days, when over the great metropolis hung an atmosphere charged with the electricity of religious zeal, is fresh in my memory. "To the Hippodrome!" The words were uttered from the pulpits of scores of churches—first as advice, then as a command—by ministers to congregations. "To the Hippodrome!" You heard the phrase in the street-cars, in the hotels, sometimes upon the busy avenues. On early morning trains, steaming in from suburban points, you saw women by hundreds, with luncheon baskets, drawn to the city, not by the spring millinery of the stores, but by that shibboleth which echoed in myriad Christian hearts, "To the Hippodrome!"

Moody and Sankey, aided by a multitude of local clergymen and bands of volunteer Christian workers, had undertaken the task of setting New York on fire with enthusiasm for the cause of Christ. How great was the measure of their success may be judged by the fact that there were days, between 7th February, the beginning of the revival, and 19th

April, its close, when as many as sixty thousand persons found their way into the presence of the evangelists—one meeting following another from noon till quite late in the evening, with almost constantly assembling audiences of seven or eight thousand at each. A monster stage or platform in the main audience-room was built to hold a choir of six hundred voices, and still leave room for at least four hundred visiting clergymen or distinguished guests. Partitioned off at the extreme outer edge of this huge platform was the box—it could scarcely be called a pulpit—from which the preacher was to speak. Strong needed to be the railing which fenced the front of this stand; for there were times, when the upheaving of the consciences of men began, and the great evangelist with earnest eyes looked into the agonised faces of the multitude before him, that his strong frame bent heavily against the barrier, while his arms stretched forth as though to take the whole wide world of suffering sinners in a comforting embrace.

This is how Mr. Moody looked, when to an eager, earnest, expectant audience he appeared through that small door at the back of the stage in the Hippodrome: a sturdy figure in a tightly-fitting frock coat; a well-shaped head, made to look smaller than its actual size, because of the broadness of the man's shoulders and the shortness of the neck on which it was poised; a much-bearded face, the black hair not only hanging down over his chest, but growing thickly up each cheek; a forehead seemingly low by reason of its projection beyond the line of the nose; keen eyes, with wrinkles running from their outer corners over ruddy cheeks; and a heavy black moustache hiding the mouth. In his hands, as he came for the first time into the presence of this mighty metropolitan audience, Mr. Moody carried a Bible. As he passed through the narrow lane between the choir and the platform guests, and reached the front of the stage, he shifted the book and lifted his right hand, palm downward, toward the vast audience. It was the signal for silence, which was instantly observed by everyone.

When, in obedience to Mr. Moody's signal, the music had ceased and the audience had become entirely attentive, the evangelist said—

"Let us open the meeting by silent prayer."

These were the first words uttered by this remarkable man in his work in the chief city of America, in that religious revival, the effects of which spread from end to end of the continent. As he spoke he bowed his head on the railing at the edge of the platform. Then throughout all that vast concourse heads were reverently bent, and absolute silence prevailed.

How long this mute prayer continued I do not know. What is vividly before me is the singular commotion which followed at its close when Mr. Moody gave out the opening hymn. In all that assembly there were but few who were unprovided with hymnals, for from the date of the opening service in Brooklyn, on 24th October, the Moody and Sankey Song Book had become universally popular. And now, when the command was given to "join in singing" one of those inspiriting melodies, the number of which was announced by the evangelist, ten thousand hands began to turn the leaves of these books, making a rustling noise not unlike the wind in the trees before a storm. Meanwhile Mr. Sankey seated himself at a small organ near the front of the platform, and assumed the direction of the music. . . .

Down from the pulpit with outstretched hands came Mr. Moody, and, as he passed through the aisles, here and there persons arose, and with bowed heads walked away in the direction of doors that led to the apartments known as "Enquiry-rooms." Beyond these doors we may not follow them. I know that earnest men and women waited in these rooms to receive all whose agonised consciences led them there. I know that they knelt in prayer, and that words of love and sympathy were whispered in their ears, and I remember having seen men come forth with countenances radiant; but of the personal experiences of converted sinners we are not speaking. It is the wonderful scene of a con-

course stirred by something deeper than worldly enthusiasm, deeper than brotherly love, deeper than patriotism, that we are endeavouring to recall. . . .

Three meetings a day—sometimes, though not often, five—is the work these evangelists have laid out for themselves. In the afternoon of many days women only are admitted to the Hippodrome. They pack it solidly from the floor to the topmost seats, till their plumes brush the rafters. "Pray for my husband!" "Pray for my son!" "Pray for my brother!" are the requests they make in faltering tones. "Pray for me!" says one whose cheeks will, perhaps, never again be painted, and whose feet will walk in a better path.

At night the scene is still more wondrous, for then men—old men, young men, earnest men—have taken possession of the auditorium. At those meetings Mr. Moody is at his best. Eleven thousand men have been packed in that old Hippodrome at one of these night gatherings in March and April twenty-four years ago. The gaslights shine in their eager faces. No political convention ever presented such a scene. Thousands arise and cry, "I will! I will!" when asked to enlist. "Amens!" sweep through the place like the rattling of musketry, and sometimes the ecstasy of religion becomes so manifest that long intervals of silent prayer are necessary in order to keep the sin-stricken within the bounds of needed self-restraint.

The numbers definitely brought to Christ in these meetings from 1876 to 1881 were never even estimated by Mr. Moody. He was intolerant of that kind of statistics. When a minister recently asked him how many souls had been saved under his preaching, he only answered—

"I don't know anything about that, doctor. Thank God, I don't have to. I don't keep the Lamb's Book of Life."

CHAPTER XVI.

D. L. Moody as an Evangelist: His Characteristics and Methods.

By C. I. Scofield, D.D.

IT is the mark of weak men that they break down under unusual responsibilities, of strong men that they are developed by them. The two Americans who in one generation had most in common—Lincoln and Grant—both came to the maturity of their powers under the pressure of immense labours and responsibilities. Both began with a modest estimate of their capacities; both came at last to a singularly humble self-confidence. So it may be said that under the testings of his great English campaign Mr. Moody came to the maturity of his powers. He grew in knowledge and in grace to the day of his death; but in mastery of assemblies, in readiness of resource, in capacity of leadership, in unfailing tact, and in strategic grasp and skill, he returned to America in the fulness of his great capacities.

Doubtless, also, his character had ripened and matured. Three supreme testings await strong men in this life: the testing of poverty and obscurity; of prosperity and applause; and of suffering. Many who enter life conscious, even though dimly, of great latent capacities, turn sour and bitter under neglect, narrow circumstances, and lack of appreciation. Others who pass that first trial successfully are corrupted or

enfeebled by success and adulation. Many who stand erect alike in obscurity and success, fail utterly under the testing of suffering. Mr. Moody, by God's grace, passed unscathed through them all. Perhaps it has happened to few men, suddenly lifted into the fellowship of the noble and famous of the earth, to be so little moved from the serenity of their minds, the even tenor of their ways.

Doubtless this self-command was in part an inheritance—the hill-town New Englander's habitual self-respect. But doubtless, too, Mr. Moody had so great a sense of the essential dignity of even the least of the sons of God, that he was little affected by earthly titles or personal fame.

At one of his great London meetings, Mr. Moody was as usual superintending from the platform the seating of the immense audience. While so occupied, and at the moment when he was following with a rather anxious eye a couple of bewildered old ladies who were vainly seeking for front seats, a friend brought upon the platform a famous English earl.

"Glad to see you, Lord ——," said Mr. Moody. "Won't you please take a couple of chairs to those two old ladies down there?"

This the earl proceeded to do, to the consternation of his rather obsequious introducer.

On another occasion it was whispered to him, with some agitation, that a certain exalted personage had entered the hall.

Mr. Moody quietly replied—

"I hope she may be much blessed."

This independence, springing as it did from elevation and simplicity of character, and not at all from self-assertiveness, commended Mr. Moody to all classes in Great Britain. They found neither subserviency nor self-assertiveness in this plain strong Christian man.

All these qualities, previously but partially apprehended by his own countrymen, became known through newspaper reports,

and did much to prepare in America the remarkable outburst of confidence and esteem with which Mr. Moody's return was greeted. In a very real sense, Christian America rose to receive him.

But the facts for once outran the rumour of them. It is not too much to say that as man, as preacher, as organiser, and as Christian strategist, the great 1876–81 meetings revealed Mr. Moody as supreme.

It was always Mr. Moody's generalship, his mastery of vast numbers of men gathered in meetings, which first impressed the observer; his grip of his audience was not due in the first instance to his power as a preacher. Other men, as Whitefield, and Wesley, and the great Welsh field-preachers, have drawn vast audiences, and have in the end powerfully swayed them, however turbulent or tumultuous they may have been when these great masters of the "royal art of preaching" rose to address them. But D. L. Moody never began to preach until he had gathered his audience into almost perfect *rapport* with himself. This was his unique distinction among other equally great preachers.

To accomplish this result, he devised a method perfectly adapted to himself, but which in the hands of his imitators is by no means sure of success. Briefly, it was the conduct of a remarkably intense and spiritual preliminary service of song and prayer, interspersed with brief, pungent, characteristic sayings of his own. From the time he came before his great audiences, to the moment when he rose to preach, he kept the entire body absorbingly occupied with something interesting. Singing by the great massed choir, by quartettes, duettists, soloists, and by the whole assembly, never ceased, except for prayer. But it would be an utter misapprehension to suppose that either Mr. Moody's purpose or the actual result achieved was the entertainment of the people. His own manner showed at once his tremendous earnestness, his profound concern for souls.

The singing had a great, and at times overpowering, religious

value. Before the evangelist rose the throngs were already shaken, touched, persuaded. A great number of cases came to be known in which the momentous decision for Christ was actually made while Mr. Sankey was singing. Never was a more thoughtless criticism uttered than that Mr. Moody used music merely to attract.

But simple and obvious as seemed the plan of Mr. Moody's introductory service, it was soon found, in the hands of other men, that like any other method in evangelistic work it was worth little simply as a method. Apart from the purpose, and above all, the power, it accomplished little.

When Mr. Moody's almost unfailing spiritual discernment told him the time had come, he rose to preach.

D. L. Moody as a preacher was much criticised from the standpoint of academic homiletics. Nor would any think of defending his preaching method on that basis. But that for thirty-five continuous years, in the centres of culture and of active practical thought in the English-speaking world, this self-taught preacher drew the greatest audiences which have fronted any modern speaker on any theme—this fact, one would say, should suggest to teachers of homiletics, that possibly they might learn something from him.

His method was devoid of mystery. Drawing his matter from the Scriptures, he utterly eschewed formal introduction, and plunged at once into the subject itself. That there were slips of grammar was most true; nor was there the slightest effort to suppress a nasal utterance. But he early came to the possession of a nervous Saxon vocabulary, and his strong sense taught him the value of the short sentence, and of aphoristic forms.

Of all this, the man himself, as he stood before his audience, was utterly unconscious. He was tremendously in earnest, absolutely sincere, perfectly incapable of phrase-making. It was his supreme possession by the Spirit, united with his powerful understanding, which were his safeguards against bathos, turgid rhetoric, pose, and artifice. Like most natural

orators, he made great and effective use of illustration. And yet it is doubtful if he ever used even the most telling illustration purely for effect. He told an anecdote, or referred to a Bible story or incident, because it made his point clear.

Among his natural gifts were humour, always refined, pathos, and a descriptive power which was due to his imagination. Few men ever equalled him in ability to summon before an audience the whole setting of a Bible incident. And he had the sovereign grace of brevity. He knew when to stop, and he never weakened his sermon at the close by recapitulation.

That all these rare excellences of public discourse might have been within the mastery of this man, and that he still might have failed utterly of his purpose apart from the mighty power of the baptizing Spirit, is wholly true; but it is right to say that in this humble servant of Jesus Christ the Spirit made use of one of the great natural preachers of all time.

CHAPTER XVII.

Daily Life at Northfield, as Citizen and Neighbour.

THE career of a public man awakens interest in his manner of life behind the scenes. People want to know how the man whom they see on the platform or pulpit lives at home, and what his neighbours think of him.

No man's private life will stand scrutiny better than D. L. Moody's, whether you consider him in the rôle of parent, neighbour, or friend. Always and throughout everything, he was a true Christian, a true man.

His Chicago home had been burned in the fire of 1871. The winter following, he slept in the North Side Tabernacle, while his wife and family were in East Chicago. The missions in England occupied three years more, and when he returned to America he was still without a home.

Under these circumstances he went to Northfield to see his mother, and decided to make his permanent home there, in order to be near her when not engaged in evangelistic labours. He purchased an old homestead within a stone's-throw of his birthplace.

Northfield is a typical New England town, with a history running back more than two hundred years, beautifully situated on the banks of the Connecticut at the junction of the three States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. From Mr. Moody's front porch a scene of quiet

beauty extends, embracing the rich valley of the Connecticut, with the Green Mountains beyond.

As the years went by, Mr. Moody transformed the village into a veritable Mecca by establishing schools, conferences, and other enterprises, of which only brief mention can now be made.

Northfield Seminary for young women was formally opened on 3rd November 1879.

Mount Hermon School for young men was projected in 1879, and opened for instruction on 4th May 1881.

The first General Conference for Christian Workers was held in 1880.

The first World's Student Conference was held in 1886.

The Northfield Training School for women was opened in 1890.

The first Women's Conference was organised in 1893.

The magazine, *Northfield Echoes*, was established in 1894.

The general Eastern Depôt of The Bible Institute Colportage Association, of Chicago, was opened in 1895.

Camp Northfield, for men, was organised in 1896.

The full story of the origin and progress of these institutions and organisations reads like a romance.

Of later years it was Mr. Moody's custom to spend the months from October to April inclusive in evangelistic work. With what pleasure his return to Northfield about 1st May was looked forward to by his family and students! There was no place he loved more than Northfield, and he always regretted to have to leave for even short absences, during the summer months. Writing from New York City in December 1896, he said—

"The city is no place for me. If it was not for the work I am called to do, I would never show my head in this city, or any other, again. It is a rush all the time, and a drive. Oh, the quiet days at Northfield, how I long for them!"

Mr. Moody was an early riser. He generally rose about daybreak in summer. As stated in a previous chapter, he usually devoted the early hours to Bible study and communion with God. He used to say that one who followed

this plan could not get more than twenty-four hours away from God.

It often happened, however, that some matter of business would demand attention before breakfast, and perhaps he would be found bursting into the kitchen at Mount Hermon School (four miles distant from his home) by six o'clock, inspecting the food that was being prepared for breakfast, and tasting one dish and another to assure himself of their quality. Or perhaps he would drive up to his own garden to get some eggs or vegetables for breakfast.

Breakfast with the family at 7.30, and immediately afterwards family prayers, which the house-servants and hired men also attended. Mr. Moody read a passage of Scripture, and then prayed simply and earnestly.

While the schools were still in session, Mr. Moody usually conducted chapel exercises at the Seminary at 9 a.m. and at Mount Hermon School at noon. At these brief services, lasting about twenty minutes, Mr. Moody came into close heart relations with his students in spiritual things. He usually dealt with fundamental doctrines—intensely practical and personal talks, and quite informal. It was his supreme object to help his students into the deeper things of God, and he was always ready to meet those who were anxious about their spiritual condition. The last mornings he spent with the students were occupied with the theme "Eternal Life."

Returning from chapel at Mount Hermon School, dinner was served at one o'clock. By this time the morning mail had been delivered.

Mr. Moody's correspondence was quite large, and he made it a point to open every letter himself. Letters connected with the different schools were separated and given to subordinates, and general letters were usually handed to his secretary. In special cases Mr. Moody would indicate by brief notes what reply should be made. Letters received prompt attention—even those from religious and other cranks were usually courteously acknowledged.

The remaining hours of the day were filled in with an enormous amount of work and play. He gave personal attention to the innumerable details of the large institutions at Northfield, Mount Hermon, and Chicago; for it must be remembered that in addition to local interests he supervised the Chicago Bible Institute, with its organisations for aggressive Christian work in prisons, in the army camps, as well as in the ordinary avenues in which his Colportage Association worked.

He gave careful attention to the planning of the summer conventions. It has often been remarked that one charm of these great gatherings is their freshness and spontaneity. This is true of the result; but the result is achieved by months of painstaking preparations and arrangements of details.

"In nothing, perhaps, is Mr. Moody's genius for command more manifest than in his capacity for detail," wrote a friend. "Nothing is too minute for his best thought, for he knows how much results depend on little things. Along with this genius for details goes remarkable quickness of insight and decision."

Mr. Moody used to perform the work of about ten men. How he did it was ever a mystery until one realised (1) his absolute dependence upon God for guidance as to details, and his consequent freedom from anxiety as to the outcome; (2) his genius as a leader; (3) his faculty of doing promptly what had to be attended to personally, and of passing over to his subordinates and associates such details as they were competent to carry out.

How often he would say in some difficult case: "Oh, I wish I could see Christ for five minutes and ask Him what He would do!"

All these matters were dealt with during Mr. Moody's summer "rest"; but his real relaxation has not yet been mentioned. He thought that every man should have some hobby to divert his mind. Mr. Moody's hobby was his garden and his chickens. He must have LIFE: he loved to see things grow. "Send me a good farm letter," he would frequently write home.

A letter exists that would lead one to think that he was

starting a farm instead of a boys' school at Mount Hermon twenty years ago :—

"I bought twenty-five old sheep and twenty-five lambs for the boys' school," he wrote, "and turned the cows over there from my barn and Smith's, so we have eight cows over there now, and will have seventy-five hens there soon. One of the turkeys is sitting. I am going to have some geese over there to make things lively. We have, or will have to-morrow night, seven boys. Am expecting more next week."

His garden was hardly conducted on a profitable basis. Here he experimented with asparagus and other vegetables, for the benefit of the schools. He tried to be first in the neighbourhood with the different crops. He was greatly pleased to have peas from his garden in September. He kept a dozen or more families supplied daily with fresh vegetables during the summer months.

Feeding his chickens furnished him with an excuse for exercise, as he had to walk about half a mile and back twice daily to feed them. Each spring he hatched chickens by the hundred—sometimes by the thousand—in incubators.

The following is an estimate of D. L. Moody as a citizen and neighbour, taken by permission from the county paper :—

"The old proverb, 'A prophet is not without honour save in his own country,' cannot be said of D. L. Moody, for surely no person could be more sincerely loved and honoured by his townsmen than was he. Expressions of sorrow are heard from all classes of people in the town ; and could each tribute be represented by a blossom on his grave, it would be piled high with flowers. His townsmen have been proud of him as a citizen, as a man, and as a religious worker. Although not all of them have endorsed his religious belief, they have thoroughly believed in his honesty of purpose and sincerity, and are convinced that the results of his life-work will be lasting and of inestimable value to future generations. They know that Northfield has been changed from a quiet farming town, with corresponding disadvantages, to a thrifty village

with a steady growth; and that there and at Mount Hermon have been established two of the best training-schools in the State, all through the energy and perseverance of this man. Every effort has been made by him to bring these schools within the reach of the boys and girls of the town, and many ambitious fathers and mothers have been able to educate their children through his efforts.

"Last summer he was told concerning a woman, who was supporting her family by taking in washing, that her daughter was ready for the Seminary, but she almost despaired of her ability to send her there. Mr. Moody instantly replied—

"'Tell the principal to put her on the free list, and find her a room in the buildings. The town girls must be helped first.'

"This is only one instance of many similar ones. Under certain provisions, a few years ago, he offered every Northfield and Gill boy free tuition for the first year at Mount Hermon, and several boys have availed themselves of this opportunity each year since.

"He was instantly alert and ready with money and work to forward any plans to benefit the town. At the time the Village Improvement Society was formed, he subscribed £20 to improve the street, knowing that it would be expended in a part of the village remote from the school and his residence. Every year since its formation, he has given generously of money, and has also offered valuable advice and wise suggestions.

"He was very proud of the magnificent trees of the village, and nothing irritated him more than any attempt to injure them. He caused a large number of trees and shrubs to be set about his place and on the Seminary grounds. It must have been very gratifying for him to see Seminary Hill in all its June splendour, knowing that in his childhood it was considered one of the most barren places in the town.

"He was a kind neighbour, sickness and trouble finding him ready with sympathy and material help. The delicacies of his garden and fruit orchard found their way into many a humble home. He encouraged his wife and daughter to interest themselves in helping the sick and needy in all parts of the town.

"During the autumn, when fruit was abundant, the Seminary girls were given free access to his orchard and vinery, to eat and carry baskets full to their rooms. Each autumn he gave all the surplus apples on his own and the Seminary Campus, and solicited from neighbouring farmers to the extent of hundreds of bushels, which were distributed among the poor in Boston and New York.

"He had a strong aversion to committees. A few months ago an organisation was being effected in the Town Hall, and a motion was made to appoint certain committees. Mr. Moody rose and said: 'We don't want committees. When you want anything done, tell Mr. So-and-so to do it, and you will accomplish something. One is enough to constitute any committee. If there had been a committee appointed, Noah's ark would never have been built.'"

He used to spend hours "pottering around" his hen-houses and garden (as he used to express it), but all the time his mind was ready to deal with more important things, and some fellow-worker or subordinate was frequently at his side, discussing plans.

Mr. Moody spent the evenings with his family when no meetings demanded his presence. He kept in touch with the progress of the world by reading the daily papers. He was no ascetic. No work was so important as to make him neglect his family duties and privileges. He took keen interest in the doings of his sons at school and college, and shared their joys and excitements. In his younger manhood he was a very swift runner, and could hold his own with his Chicago Sabbath-school scholars. Rev. F. B. Meyer once called him the most fearless of "whips." "Where have I not been in that buggy? It seemed the most natural thing in the world for the driver to leave the road, climb over a ditch and hedge, and make straight for the top of a grassy slope, because he wanted to show you a view, or descend a ploughed field into a glen to explain his method of raising water from the spring to Mount Hermon School.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

Visit to the Holy Land.

A MAN of such an energetic spirit as Mr. Moody found very little opportunity for holidays. He sacredly tried to observe one day in seven as a Sabbath; but otherwise he was almost constantly occupied except when journeying—and even then people recognised him and sought his spiritual advice, and were not denied. Of late years, with the multiplication of his schools, conferences, and other organisations for promoting the cause of Christ, there was less and less opportunity for withdrawing for any length of time from active participation in their control.

In the spring of 1892 Mr. Moody was able to take a well-earned holiday, and at the same time gratify an old longing to visit the Holy Land. The summer preceding, Dr. John Smith of Edinburgh had come to America with a huge roll of invitations from ministers of Scotland, asking Mr. Moody to visit that country again. He left America in October 1891, and, with Mr. Sankey, held short meetings in ninety-nine towns in Scotland during the winter. This was Mr. Moody's last visit to Scotland.

In April 1892 he was invited by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mackinnon of Scotland to go to Palestine. From Paris he wrote to his mother: "I have a great desire to see the city of gold." Accompanied by his wife and his younger son Paul, he joined the Mackinnons in Rome.

Mr. Moody's enjoyment of Rome was intense. Every place which could be verified as being in any way connected with the Apostle Paul—Mr. Moody's greatest Bible hero, next to our Lord—was carefully sought out. The Appian Way was visited, and when the original pavement was reached, Mr. Moody insisted on alighting from the carriage and going on foot over the stones which Paul had trodden. The ruins of Nero's palace on the Palatine Hill had far more attraction for him than St. Peter's, or any of the spectacles of modern Rome.

Leaving the Eternal City, the party sailed for Port Said. It was necessary to proceed down the Suez Canal as far as Ismailia, and thence take train to Alexandria. Writing during the journey, Mr. Moody said—

"We are now near where the children of Israel passed when they went out of Egypt. The country is sandy and barren, but the canal is a wonder, and it seems strange to be in this land of the Pharaohs, of Moses and Aaron and Joseph."

The day after his arrival in Jerusalem, which happened to be Palm Sunday, he spoke from the summit of the new (or Gordon) Calvary on the text: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever"—pointing to Hermon, Olivet, and the mountains of Moab, all in sight from where he stood. It was afterwards found that he had unwittingly spoken in the midst of a Mohammedan cemetery, and a little feeling was unfortunately aroused. It was not thought wise to repeat the experiment, so the following Sabbath Day he preached in a recess in the side of the hill. Several hundreds of all races and creeds attended these meetings.

The week days were spent in visiting places of interest in Jerusalem and the immediate vicinity. One day was devoted to Hebron. In Jerusalem, all the sacred spots, like the Holy Sepulchre, were too uncertain or else too transformed by tawdriness to please. His favourite places were the Mount of Olives, to which he repeatedly returned, and the little

village of Bethany, over the brow of the hill. Here, at any rate, he knew he was in the midst of scenes where his Master had often walked.

At Bethany he told his dragoman to ask if there were any Marys and Marthas among the children. The Arabic equivalents of these names were instantly claimed by a number, and nobody enjoyed the joke more than Mr. Moody when it was explained that most of the Marys and Marthas were boys.

Being unable to ride on horseback, Mr. Moody's travels in Palestine were limited; but he was an energetic sightseer.

The native children in Jerusalem amused him greatly. On leaving the hotel he would invariably be surrounded by a crowd of ragged little Arabs, and he entertained himself by giving them backsheesh. The older natives also interested him, and he conversed with them constantly, questioning them as to their manner of living. By the end of the week he was well informed concerning the manner of life of the people, the condition of agriculture, the system of government, and many other things.

The day after Easter Mr. Moody and those with him left for Egypt. Several days were spent in Cairo, visiting the Pyramids and other points of interest; and in the first week of May the party left for Italy. May was spent in visiting Naples and Florence, the Italian lakes, and Switzerland; and by the end of the month he was again in England, having been absent for two months, probably the longest vacation he had taken since he entered business as a boy of seventeen. It was not an unbroken rest, however, for he had preached at Rome, Jerusalem, Cairo, Naples, and Paris, sometimes twice a day; besides having conducted numerous Bible readings, in compliance with the importunities of English and American friends, who recognised him wherever he went. Moreover, he used to lead the most unlikely people on the most unlikely occasions into direct personal talk regarding their spiritual condition.

"Mr. Moody," said a titled lady to him, "no one ever talked to me like this before."

"Then it was quite time somebody did so," he replied; and they remained good friends thereafter.

His visit to the Holy Land remained a living memory with him. He constantly referred to it in private conversation and public discourse; regretting, on the one hand, the present mean condition of Palestine, which he believed was in accord with prophecy; and, on the other hand, looking forward with joy to its restoration, when the feet of the Messiah shall stand once more on Mount Olivet.

CHAPTER XIX.

Facing Death on the Atlantic.

ON his return to England, Mr. Moody again "got in harness," and preached in and around London. In August he crossed to Ireland, and preached in a number of centres there. Returning to America with his elder son in November, he had his memorable experience on board the North German Lloyd liner, the *Spree*, an experience as thrilling as any in the record of ocean accidents in Atlantic travel.

He took passage from Southampton early in November. "My last day in London," said Mr. Moody, "was a pleasant one; a day of promise it might have been called, for the sun shone out brightly after some of those dark, foggy days so common in London. A company of friends gathered at the station to see me off, and I suggested that they should sing my favourite song, 'Then shall my heart keep singing,' but they said that they did not feel like singing that just then. I was the only one in the group who seemed to feel like singing. I couldn't sing with my voice, but deep down in my heart I sang, for I was going home to meet my loved ones.

"When about three days on our voyage, I remember, I was lying on my couch, as I generally do at sea, congratulating myself on my good fortune, and feeling very thankful to God. I considered myself a very fortunate man, for in all my extensive travels by land and sea I had never been in any accident of a serious nature.

"While engaged with these grateful thoughts, I was startled by a terrible crash and shock, as if the vessel had been driven on a rock. I did not at first feel much anxiety—perhaps I was too ill to think about it. My son jumped from his berth, and rushed on deck. He was back again in a few moments, exclaiming that the shaft was broken and the vessel sinking. I did not at first believe that it could be so bad, but concluded to dress and go on deck. The report was only too true. The captain told the affrighted passengers who had rushed on deck that there was no danger, and some of the second cabin passengers returned to their berths, only to be driven out again by the in-rushing water, leaving everything behind them.

"The officers and crew did all they could to save the vessel. But it was soon found that the pumps were useless, for the water poured into the ship too rapidly to be controlled. There was nothing more in the power of man to do. We were utterly, absolutely helpless. We could only stand still on the poor, drifting, sinking ship, and look into our watery graves.

"All this time, unknown to the passengers, the officers were making preparations for the last resort. The lifeboats were all put in readiness, provisions prepared, life-preservers in hand, the officers armed with revolvers to enforce their orders, and the question was evidently being debated in their mind whether to launch the boats at once, or wait. The sea was so heavy that the boats could hardly live in it. Two of the passengers had loaded revolvers ready to blow out their brains if the vessel should go down, preferring death by bullet to death by drowning.

"At noon the captain told us that he had the water under control, and was in hopes of drifting in the way of some passing vessel. The ship's bow was now high in the air, while the stern seemed to settle more and more. The sea was very rough, and the ship rolled from side to side with fearful lurches. If she had pitched violently but once the bulkheads must

have burst, and the end come. The captain tried to keep up hope by telling us we should probably drift in the way of a ship by three o'clock that Saturday afternoon, but the night closed upon us without a sign of a sail.

"That was an awful night, the darkest in all our lives! Seven hundred men, women, and children waiting for the doom that was settling upon us! No one dared to sleep. We were all together in the saloon of the first cabin—Jews, Protestants, Catholics, and sceptics—although I doubt if at that time there were any sceptics among us. The agony and suspense were too great for words. With blanched faces and trembling hearts the passengers looked at one another, as if trying to read what no one dared to speak. Rockets flamed into the sky, but there was no answer. We were drifting out of the track of the great steamers. Every hour seemed to increase the danger of the situation.

"Sunday morning dawned without help or hope. Up to that time no suggestion of religious services had been made. To have done that would almost certainly have produced a panic. In the awful suspense and dread that prevailed, a word about religion would have suggested the most terrible things to the passengers. It was necessary to divert their minds, if possible, or they would break under the strain. But as that second night came on I asked General O. O. Howard, who was with us, to secure the captain's permission for a service in the saloon. The captain said—

"'Most certainly; I am that kind too.'

"We gave notice of the meeting, and, to our surprise, nearly every passenger attended; and I think everybody prayed, sceptics and all.

"With one arm clasping a pillar, to steady myself on the reeling vessel, I tried to read the ninety-first Psalm, and we prayed that God would still the raging of the sea, and bring us to our desired haven. It was a new psalm to me from that hour. The eleventh verse touched me very deeply. It was like a voice of divine assurance, and it seemed a very real

thing, as I read: 'He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.' Surely He did it. I read also from Ps. cvii. 20–31. One lady thought those words must have been written for the occasion, and afterwards asked to see the Book for herself. A German translated verse by verse as I read, for the benefit of his countrymen.

"I was passing through a new experience. I had thought myself superior to the fear of death. I had often preached on the subject, and urged Christians to realise this victory of faith. During the Civil War I had been under fire without fear. I was in Chicago during the great cholera epidemic, and went around with the doctors visiting the sick and dying. Where they could go to look after the *bodies* of men, I said I could go to look after their *souls*. I went to the bedside of poor sufferers from smallpox again and again, with Bible and prayer, for Jesus' sake. In all this I had no fear of death.

"But on the sinking ship it was different. There was no cloud between my soul and my Saviour. I knew my sins had been put away, and that if I died there it would be only to wake up in heaven. That was all settled long ago. But as my thoughts went out to my loved ones at home,—my wife and children, my friends on both sides of the sea, the schools and all the interests so dear to me,—and as I realised that perhaps the next hour would separate me for ever from all these, so far as this world was concerned, I confess it almost broke me down. It was the darkest hour of my life!

"I could not endure it. I must have relief, and relief came in prayer. God heard my cry, and enabled me to say, from the depth of my soul: 'Thy will be done!' Sweet peace came to my heart. Let it be 'Northfield or Heaven,' it made no difference now. I went to bed, and almost immediately fell asleep, and never slept more soundly in all my life. Out of the depths I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. I can no more doubt that God gave answer to my prayer for relief than I can doubt my own existence.

"About three o'clock at night I was aroused from my sound sleep by the voice of my son. 'Come on deck, father,' he said. I followed him, and he pointed to a far-off light, rising and sinking on the sea. It was a messenger of deliverance to us. It proved to be the light of the steamer *Lake Huron*, whose look-out had seen our flaming signals of distress, and supposed it was a vessel in flames. Oh, the joy of that moment, when those seven hundred despairing passengers beheld the approaching ship! Who can ever forget it?

"But now the question was, Can this small steamer tow the helpless *Spree* a thousand miles to Queenstown? Every moment was watched with the intensest anxiety and prayer. It was a brave and perilous undertaking. The two vessels were at last connected by two great cables. If a storm arose, these would snap like thread, and we must be left to our fate. But I had no fear. God would finish the work He had begun. The waves were calmed; the cables held; the steamer moved in the wake of the *Lake Huron*. There were storms all about us, but they came not nigh our broken ship. Seven days after the accident, by the good hand of our God upon us, we were able to hold a joyous thanksgiving service in the harbour of Queenstown. The rescuing ship that God sent to us in our distress had just sufficient power to tow our ship, and just enough coal to take her into port! Less would have been insufficient. Her captain also was a man of prayer, and he besought God's help to enable them to accomplish their dangerous and difficult task. God answered the united prayer of the distressed voyagers, and brought them to their desired haven.

"The nervous strain of those eight days and nights of suspense was something fearful. It was more than anyone could long endure without help. The minds of several passengers gave way under the strain. A young Austrian, who had left his betrothed in Vienna, leaped overboard in despair and was drowned before our eyes, in spite of all we could do. It was a most pathetic sight to see a young mother,

with two beautiful children, sitting in dumb anguish during the first forty-eight hours, never taking her eyes off her little ones; and if the ship had gone down, I have no doubt she would have gathered them to her bosom and gone down with them in her arms. There was a Russian Jew, who had taken passage without the knowledge of his relatives at home. It was pitiful to see his distress, as he confessed his sin, beat his breast, and denounced himself as the Jonah of the company. Kneeling upon the deck, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he cried to Jehovah not to visit the punishment of his sin upon those unfortunate people."

Mr. Moody always spoke with profound respect and gratitude of the courage and gallantry of the officers and crew of the *Spree*.

General O. O. Howard, who had faced danger and death many times during the Civil War, and who knew what courage meant, testified to the nerve and courage exhibited by Mr. Moody during those awful hours in the Atlantic.

Spending Sunday night in Queenstown, Mr. Moody sailed for America on the *Etruria* next day, and reached New York safely the following Saturday.

What a reception he got when he reached home at ten o'clock that night! As the train passed through Mount Hermon Station, three hundred students and teachers from that school swarmed in and around the train, with torches and music, cheering to welcome their friend. At the next station he was met, on alighting, by another company of friends. The buildings of Northfield Seminary, as well as many private dwellings, were ablaze with innumerable lights in the windows. It seemed as if everyone who loved him meant to let him know it, and to give him an ovation on his rescue from the very jaws of death.

CHAPTER XX.

In the Home Circle.

"HAS grandpa gone to Jesus' house?"

"Yes."

"Where Dwight and Irene are?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to go there too, and I'll just hug grandpa when I see him, and we'll all play together."

The questionings of a four-year-old little girl when she was told she would never see her grandfather any more down here, reveal a side of Mr. Moody's nature that was little known to the general public.

A new era began in Mr. Moody's life with the marriage of his only daughter and elder son, both in 1894. Joys and sorrows, health and sickness, came hand in hand. In those last six years there were four births in his immediate family—four grandchildren; and four deaths—his mother, his wife's mother, and two of the grandchildren.

D. L. Moody was a loving, dutiful son. Hardly a week passed, from the time he left home in 1854, without his writing to his mother, or sending her newspaper clippings about his work. He constantly appealed to her for advice. He settled in Northfield in 1875, so as to be near her. Every day, when he was in town, it was his habit to call upon her, generally bringing her some little delicacy, or some vegetables from his garden. He added to the old homestead a sunny room where she sat in her later years, a

mother in Israel, glad because of the good works God was performing through her son.

Her birthday fell on the same day as his own (5th February), and his letters, on successive anniversaries, were peculiarly tender.

"You and I have now passed one more milestone on our way from earth to heaven. We have both reason to thank God for all His goodness to us."

"By the time you get this letter," he wrote from Perth in 1892, "you will be passing another milestone that will bring you nearer the eternal city. I want to send you my best wishes for the new year you will be starting out on. I hope it will be full of joy, and sunshine, and peace."

The last birthday letter he wrote to her was from San Antonio, Texas, on 2nd February 1895—

"By the time this letter gets to you, you will have entered into your ninety-first year. Only think, when you entered this world, Napoleon was fighting his great battles! It seems a long time, as you look at the history that has been made. Nations have risen and fallen. Some have come and gone. Yet you live, and have all your faculties and good health. You have much to praise God for, and all your children rejoice to think you have been spared to us so long."

"Fifty years I have been coming back to Northfield," said Mr. Moody on one occasion, "and have always been glad to get back. When I get within fifty miles of home I grow restless, and walk up and down the car. It seems as if the train will never get to Northfield. When I came back after dark, I always looked to see the light in my mother's window."

On 26th January 1896 she fell on sleep. "Friends," said Mr. Moody at her funeral, "it is not a time of mourning. We are proud that we had such a mother. We have a wonderful legacy left us. . . . God bless you, mother; we love you still. Death has only increased our love. Good-bye for a little while."

The joy of being a grandparent had become his a few months previously: Irene Moody was born on 20th August 1895, and Emma Fitt on 16th December following.

"Do you know I have a granddaughter? I am taking a present over to her," he shouted from his buggy to a summer visitor that August morning, pointing to a basket of doughnuts. He was happy as a schoolboy on a holiday, and told the news to everybody he met. Later, that day, he made a second trip to Mount Hermon to see the baby, this time bringing over an immense cauliflower, the best his garden had produced.

A letter he wrote to Emma a year later reveals his heart—

"*10th December* 1896.

"In six days you will be one year old, and your grandmother will make you a cake, and have it all frosted over with white sugar, and they will put one tiny little candle in it. . . . It will be one year ago next Tuesday night I was sitting up for your grandmother, and when it got past midnight I thought I would go up and see why she did not come home, and I heard you cry for the first time. The tears of joy came to my eyes, and I have thought a great deal of you ever since. Soon after, my mother died, and you seemed to come to take her place, and you have been a dear, good little girl. . . .

"I am going to steal up to your home next summer and take you out riding before your parents get up. Only think of some fine June morning, when we can go up Lover's Retreat! The birds will sing you a beautiful song. What times we will have together! I get real homesick thinking about it . . .

"And now, my dear Emma, I am praying for you that the Lord will watch over you day and night, and keep you from all harm. You will never know how much your grandfather loves you. I shall be glad to get you into my arms again."

His playful nature is exhibited in the first letter he wrote little Emma, on 7th January 1896, when she was three weeks old.

"This is my first letter to my dear little grandchild. I wanted to get a letter to you before you got your first tooth. Hurry up and get them all before the hot weather comes on, for I will get you some candy, and you will want teeth to eat it. I want you to hurry up and grow, so I can come early mornings and take you out riding when your father and mother are fast asleep. We will slip off over the river to see Irene, and have some good times. Your mother is so proud of you, and your nurse is so fussy. Only think, Emma, what your mother said the other day—I, your grandfather, could not kiss you on your lips! Did you ever hear anything like that! But I got a kiss on your lips all the same, and I will get a good many more when I get home."

A few months later he wrote: "I have just heard that the milk you get at my house does not agree with you. Now I think the fault is not with the milk, but with the cooks. You know, or you should be old enough to know, that the milk is cooked and put in a bottle with a black rubber nipple on it —you *will* be disgusted when you get a little older and know how your parents have treated you! You must not blame my old cow, for she is as good as she can be. I do not want to turn you against your parents, but if they do not treat you right, slip down to my house and get some dough-nuts and ice-cream."

And so his loving heart went out to his grandchildren, and they in return loved none better than he. In the summer months he would usually be seen with one or more of them seated beside him, as he drove through the village.

"He has learned to perfection the art of being a grandfather," wrote a friend. "I saw him one morning driving with his little four-year-old granddaughter into the yard of his house. The child had gone to sleep in the buggy, leaning against him. Rather than disturb her, Mr. Moody had the horse gently unharnessed and taken away, while they sat on. Presently he too was overcome with sleep."

But God had ordained something other than unbroken joy.

His only grandson and namesake, who was born on 7th November 1897, was taken home on 30th November 1898, while Mr. Moody was absent in Colorado. Irene, his first grandchild, followed her baby brother on 22nd August 1899 (aged four years and two days), after a protracted and unusually persistent attack of pneumonia, which soon developed into consumption.

The following letter of comfort soon followed on receipt of the news of little Dwight's removal :—

"Colorado Springs, Colo.

" . . . I know Dwight is having a good time, and we should rejoice with him. What would the mansions be without children? And he has gone to help get things ready for his parents. You know the Master said : 'The last shall be first.' He was the last to come into our circle, and he is the first to go up there! So safe, so free from all the sorrow that we are passing through! I do thank God for such a life. It was nearly all smiles and sunshine; and what a glorified body he will have, and with what joy he will await your coming! God does not give us such strong love for each other for a few days or years, but it is going to last for ever; and you will have the dear little man with you for ages and ages, and love will keep increasing. The Master had need of him, or He would never have called him; and you should feel highly honoured that you had anything in your home that He wanted.

"I cannot think of him as belonging to earth. The more I think of him, the more I think he was only sent to us to draw us all closer to each other and up to the world of light and joy. I could not wish him back, if he could have all earth could give him. And then the thought that the Saviour will take such good care of him! No going astray; no sickness; no death. Dear, dear little fellow! I love to think of him, so sweet, so safe, and so lovely! His life was not only blameless, but faultless; and if his life here was so sweet, what will it be up there? I believe the only thing he took away from earth

was that sweet smile, and I have no doubt that when he saw the Saviour he smiled as he did when he saw you. My heart goes up to God often for you, and the word that keeps coming to my mind is this: 'It is well with the child.' Only think of his translation! Thank God, Dwight is safe at home, and we will all of us see him soon.—Your loving father,

"D. L. Moody."

Just before the close of Irene's funeral service, Mr. Moody rose and spoke—

"I would like to say a few words, if I can trust myself. I have been thinking this morning about the aged prophet waiting in the valley of the Jordan, so many years ago, for the chariot of God to take him home. The chariot of God came down to the Connecticut valley yesterday morning about half-past six, and took our little Irene home. The one was taken at the end of years of active service; the other at the early dawn of youth. But the service of the prophet was no more complete than that of the little handmaid of the Lord, for God called both, and He never interrupts the service of His own.

"Irene has finished her course. Her work was well wrought on earth. She has accomplished more than many in their threescore years and ten. We would not have her back, although her voice was the sweetest voice I ever heard on earth. She never met me once since she was three months old until the last few days of pain, without a smile. But Christ had some service for her above. My life has been made much better by her ministry here on earth. She has made us all better.

"The last few days have been blessed days to me. I have learned many new and precious lessons. She was very fond of riding with me, and on Monday morning she asked me to take her driving, and at 6.30 we were out together. She never looked more beautiful. She was just ripening for heaven. She was too fair for this earth.

"I thank God this morning for the hope of immortality. I know I shall see her in the morning, more beautiful in her resurrection glory than she was here."

God filled up his cup once more when a fourth grandchild was born on 13th November 1899, four days before he broke down at Kansas City. "Thankful for the good news," he telegraphed his son; "may she become famous in the kingdom of heaven, is the prayer of her grandfather"; and then he wrote—

"I am full of praise and thanksgiving to-day. . . . Dear little child, I already feel my heart going out to her! Kiss the mother and the dear baby for me. . . . Thank God for another grandchild!"

The same day he wrote his other surviving grandchild, Emma Fitt, one of those simple loving letters that bound his grandchild to him with undying love. He wrote—

"My dear Emma,—I am glad that you have a little cousin. Will you kiss her for me, and will you show her your grandfather's picture [referring to a newspaper clipping he enclosed]? I do not think she will know me, but you can tell her all about me, so she will know me when she gets older, and we will play together with her. I am going to send her a little kiss, just one little one. Your grandfather, D. L. Moody. I will put the kiss in a little box, and you can take it to her [o]."

Little Mary, the new-born babe, was carried to her grandfather's house ten days later, but she will have to learn of his loving, playful, tender heart from the precious letters and photographs, for the possession of which the family are now so thankful.

CHAPTER XXI

Last Evangelistic Mission.

MR. MOODY left home for the last time, 8th November 1899. His family had no suspicion that he was not enjoying his usual health and strength. He had engaged to conduct a week's meetings in Kansas City, Mo. On his way thither he stayed in Philadelphia, to see about a building which was being erected for him for a series of meetings similar to those of 1875–76.

He reached Kansas City a sick man. When some friends called on him at the hotel, he excused himself from rising, saying that he was tired. The first afternoon three of his old Mount Hermon students, C. M. Vining, Rev. D. Baines Griffiths, and C. S. Bishop, drove him round the city. He seemed in good spirits, but they saw that he was not quite himself.

The great auditorium in which the meetings were held is estimated to hold easily fifteen thousand people. Friends say that fully that number attended his first Lord's Day meetings, while thousands were unable to gain admittance. "It was a thrilling spectacle. The great arena, like a valley filled with upturned faces, and the balconies, thronged like receding hillsides covered with a countless multitude—and a solemn silence hovering over them all! Alone in that great assemblage stood Mr. Moody, at the front end of the extended platform. His voice sounded as though he was talking confidentially to

a man in the eighth or tenth row, and without effort it carried to every part of the building." Mr. Moody said later that the building did not tax his efforts in preaching.

Before commencing his sermon that first afternoon, a characteristic incident happened. He raised in his hand a printed slip of hymns that had been distributed by the ushers, and said—

"Let everyone who has one of these slips hold it up."

Thousands of slips were raised aloft.

"Now sit on them," said Mr. Moody; and people laughed as they put the papers where their rustling should not disturb the meeting.

He preached both afternoon and evening on "Sowing and Reaping," from the text: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap; for he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting" (Gal. vi. 7, 8).

At the close of the evening service there was the usual crowding, to shake hands with him, of men and women who had heard him, and had been helped by him years before and in other cities.

Next day, Monday, Mr. Moody told Mr. Vining that he had not slept well, but that he must not let it get out, as he did not wish the papers to know it. Next day he said, "I had a dreadful night last night. I hardly slept at all." But he would not allow Mr. Vining to communicate with the family or summon a doctor, although he accepted his offer to sit up with him that night.

In conversation with Mr. Vining these few days, he talked of the institutions he had founded, and he said the work in Kansas City was, he believed, the greatest God had given him to do. He spoke of the bereavements that had occurred in his family during the past year, and, picking up a copy of his book, *Thoughts from My Library*, he read a selection that has a peculiar interest now. It comments on Ps. xxx. 5: "Weeping

may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The extract ends with the words—

"I have heard it in the Land of Light from which I come. There is a time approaching, steadily if not quickly, when 'the Lord will wipe away tears from all faces.' This weary world shall obtain joy and gladness at last, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. 'Wherefore comfort one another with these words.'"

Mr. Moody had preached on the Holy Spirit, and on Luke xix. 10, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," and on such other themes as he loved. Thursday 16th November was the day on which he preached for the last time.

On the afternoon of that day, notwithstanding threatening weather, three thousand were present. Mr. Moody preached on "Grace in a Three-fold Aspect," from the text—

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus ii. 11–14).

That last night Convention Hall was well filled, fully ten thousand being present. Mr. Moody showed no signs of exhaustion.

His last sermon on earth was on "Excuses." He read the parable as found in Luke xiv. 16–24—

"Then said He unto him: A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him: I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused. And another said: I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go

to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. And another said: I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.

"So that servant came, and showed his lord these things.

"Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant: Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.

"And the servant said: Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

"And the lord said unto the servant: Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you that none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."

Day by day passed in much the same way. Mr. Moody found it impossible to walk, although it did not trouble him to stand for an hour twice daily before those large audiences, and preach. On Thursday he had quite a chill in the bathroom, and had to summon a doctor on Friday. Under the doctor's advice he decided to relinquish all further attempt to proceed with the mission. With this decision a burden rolled off his mind, and he began to gain strength. Steps were taken for his immediate return home.

Mr. Moody spoke with gratitude of the attentions of the Kansas City friends. A beautiful incident occurred on the homeward journey—illustrative of what happened very frequently of late years. When the train pulled into Detroit it was over an hour late, and, unless at least half of this time should be made up, the eastern connection at Niagara for the through Boston train could not be made. As the train was standing in the station at Detroit waiting for the signal to start, the engineer, a grizzled old veteran of the rail, came back along the car until he reached the special car.

"Whose car is this?" he asked one of the party who was standing outside.

"It's a special taking Mr. Moody to his home," was the reply.

"Where has he been?" came the question.

"He has been holding meetings in Kansas City, where he was taken ill, and now we are taking him home. We are about an hour late, and, if we do not make up the time, we shall not make the proper connections for Boston."

"Look here," said the engineer, his voice choking as he spoke, "fifteen years ago I was converted by Moody, and I have lived a better and a happier life ever since. I didn't know Moody's car was on to-night; but if you want me to make up the time for you, I'll do it. Just tell Mr. Moody that one of his friends is at the engine, and then hold your breath."

As soon as the train got clear of the city the engineer pulled open the throttle, and it is said that he made the fastest time ever made over his division. Including stops, he ran 130 miles in exactly 130 minutes. Connections were made all right, and when the party in the special awoke the next morning they were on the Boston train.

The first intimation of sickness that his family had was a telegram: "Doctor thinks I need rest. Am on my way home." This was followed at short intervals by other telegrams: "Improving rapidly. Have not felt so well for a week"; and "Have had a splendid day. No fever. Heart growing better all the time. No pain. Am taking good care of myself, not only for the loved ones, but for the work I think God has for me to do on earth."

Mr. Moody reached home safely, having stood the journey of fifteen hundred miles better than ever before, he said. He did not seem to think that he was drawing near his eternal home. He went upstairs that evening to get ready for supper, but the effort expended in climbing the stairs affected his heart so that he was completely exhausted: and he never came downstairs again.

That night, on reaching home, he telegraphed back to Kansas City as follows—

"Have reached home safely. Have travelled backwards and forwards for forty years, and never stood trip better.

Regret exceedingly being forced to leave. Had I been with you to-night I would have preached on 'Thou art not far from the Kingdom.' My prayer is that many may be led into the Kingdom under Mr. Torrey's preaching. I want to thank the good people of Kansas City for their kindness and prayers."

From Sunday 19th November until Friday 22nd December D. L. Moody was confined to the house. He never complained. Neither he nor his family anticipated the actual outcome. Once Mr. Moody asked if there were plenty of wood and coal in the cellar to carry the household through the winter. Another time he said to his wife that he had never expected a lingering sickness—that he thought his end would come suddenly, owing to heart failure, while he was in full harness. As time wore slowly away—slowly to a man of such tremendous activity as he—he used to say that every night he longed for the morning. As he grew weaker, he said he now knew what that verse meant: "The grasshopper shall be a burden." But up to 2 a.m. of the day on which his spirit swept triumphantly within the gates of heaven he talked and planned about the future, and never let others know it if he realised what actually did come to pass. His family knew that his heart was weak; but while they knew that the end was possible at any moment, they had no vivid sense that it was probable.

The immediate physical cause of Mr. Moody's breakdown in Kansas City was undoubtedly the fact that he developed fatty degeneration of the heart. During the summer of 1899, circumstances were such that he did not exercise as much as usual, and he increased his weight by thirty pounds. This increase was fatal to a man of his build, whose heart was so weak. But his enormous vitality, his iron constitution, enabled him to stand a strain under which another would have gone down sooner. Despite the best expert medical assistance he gradually became weaker and weaker, until the limit of nature was reached, and the Christian world was stunned by the sudden news that he was not, for God had taken him.

CHAPTER XXII.

Coronation Day.

TO the world 22nd December is the shortest day of all the year, but to D. L. Moody its dawn ushered in that day that knows no night. For forty-four years he had been a partaker of the divine life, and the transition from the seen to the unseen, from the sphere of the temporal to the eternal, was no interruption in his life. In other realms he continues to serve the same Master whose cause he loved with devotion and served with tireless energy. His one aim in his earthly life had been to do the will of God, and with characteristic readiness he responded to God's last summons.

Until within a few hours of the end, Mr. Moody shared with the family the conviction that he was improving. The day before he had seemed rather more nervous than usual, but spoke cheerfully about himself.

In reply to an enquiry if he were comfortable, he said—

"Oh yes! God is very good to me—and so is my family."

No man loved his family and life-work more devotedly, and frequently he has been heard to say—

"Life is very sweet to me, and there is no position of power or wealth that could tempt me from the throne God has given me."

It was not that he was tired of life, and wanted to be done with service, that made him so ready to leave, for he knew such joy in Christian service as few have experienced.

The final summons came unexpectedly. During the early hours of the night A. P. Fitt, his son-in-law, had been on duty at his bedside. He seemed to rest and sleep the greater part of the time. At three in the morning his son, W. R. Moody, took the place as watcher in the sick-chamber. For several hours the patient was restless and unable to sleep. About 6 a.m. he quieted down, and soon fell into a natural sleep, from which he awoke in about an hour. His son suddenly heard him speaking in slow and measured words, and he was saying—

"*Earth recedes; heaven opens before me.*"

His son's first impulse was to try to arouse him from what he thought was a dream.

"No, this is no dream, Will," Mr. Moody said. "It is beautiful! It is like a trance! If this is death, it is sweet! There is no valley here! God is calling me, and I must go!"

Meanwhile the nurse was summoning the family and the physician, who had spent the night in the house. Mr. Moody continued to talk quietly on, and seemed to speak from another world his last messages to the loved ones he was leaving.

"I have always been an ambitious man," he said, "ambitious not to leave wealth or possessions, but to leave lots of work for you to do. You will carry on Mount Hermon; Paul will take up the Seminary, when he is older; Fitt will look after the Institute; and Ambert [his nephew] will help you all in the business details."

Then it seemed as though he saw beyond the veil, for he exclaimed—

"This is my triumph; this is my coronation day! I have been looking forward to it for years."

Then his face lit up, and he said, in a voice of joyful rapture, "Dwight! Irene! I see the children's faces!" referring to his two little grandchildren, whom God had taken home within the past year.

Then, as he thought he was losing consciousness, he said—

"Give my love to them all."

His wife came into the room just then, and he exclaimed—

"Mamma, you have been a good wife to me!"

With that he became unconscious. Up to this time no drugs whatever had been administered.

It seemed to his family that he would never come back again, the sinking was so extreme. In half an hour, however, he revived under the effect of heart stimulants, and as he regained consciousness he feebly uttered these words—

"No pain! No valley!"

Presently, as he rallied further, he added—

"If this is death, it's not bad at all! It's *sweet*!"

A little later, suddenly raising himself on his elbow, he exclaimed—

"What does all this mean? What are you all doing here?"

His wife explained that he had not been so well, and immediately it all seemed to be clear to him, and he said—

"This is a strange thing! I have been beyond the gates of death to the very portals of heaven, and here I am back again. It is very strange!"

Again he said, "This is my coronation day! It's glorious!" and talked about the work he was leaving behind, assigning to his two sons the Northfield schools, and to his daughter and her husband the Chicago Bible Institute. Asked what his wife's charge would be, he said—

"Oh, mamma is like Eve, the mother of us all!"

To the urgent plea that he should remain longer with his family he said—

"I'm not going to throw my life away. I'll stay as long as God wants me to, but if my time is come I'm ready."

Something was now said that showed how clear his mind was. He remarked—

"This is the twenty-second of December, isn't it? Five months ago to-day Irene died . . . and in this room!"

It was actually but four months (since 22nd August), but otherwise what he said was exactly true.

Presently a new thought seemed to possess him, as he

doubtless felt within him the rallied strength that often just precedes the end, and he exclaimed—

"I'm not at all sure but that God may perform a miracle and raise me up. I'm going to get up and sit in the chair. If God wants to heal me by a miracle that way, all right; and if not, I can meet death in my chair as well as here."

Turning to one who was applying warm cloths, he said—

"Here, take those away! If God is going to perform a miracle, we don't want them, and the first thing I suppose we should do will be to discharge you, doctor."

He did not insist on this, however, but could not be dissuaded from getting up. He then walked across the room to an easy-chair, where he sat down for a few moments. A second sinking turn (which lasted only a few moments) left him exhausted, and he was willing to return to bed, where he remained, quietly awaiting the end, for over an hour. Another sinking spell of brief duration intervened before the end.

To the very last he was thinking of those about him and considering them. Turning to his wife, only a little while before he left, he said—

"This is terrible on you, mamma; it's such a shock. I'm sorry to distress you in this way. It is hard to be kept in such anxiety."

A few minutes before noon he was evidently sinking once again, and as the doctor approached to administer another hypodermic injection of nitro-glycerine, Mr. Moody looked at him in a questioning and undecided way, and said, perfectly naturally—

"Doctor, I don't know about this. Do you think it best?"

The doctor said he thought it would be all right.

"Well," Mr. Moody said, "it's making it so long for the family!"

The doctor turned away, seeing that the patient's life could not be saved, and in a few moments more another sinking turn came on, and from it Mr. Moody awoke in the presence of Him whom he loved and served so long and devotedly. It

was not like death, for he fell on sleep quietly and peacefully, and it was not hard to imagine his reception in that other world among the host of loved ones awaiting his coming.

A friend wired from a distant city: "Mr. Moody's love for music is at last satisfied this Christmas morning."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Funeral Services.

DWIGHT L. MOODY was buried as he died—a victor. There was, indeed, no martial music or stately parade following a plumed hearse. In fact there was no hearse, no funeral music, no tolling bells, no crape, no veils to hide faces suffused in tears. Tears there were in the eyes of every one of the large congregation that gathered to pay a tribute to the dead. But there was no hopeless weeping. Everything was done in as near accord as could be imagined with what Mr. Moody himself would wish.

December 26, 1899, the day of the funeral, was a perfect day—"one of the Lord's own days," a visitor called it. The sun rose clear over the mountain at whose feet Northfield nestles. In the distance, on the foot-hills of the Green Mountains, patches of snow appeared. The morning was frosty, but later, as the friends gathered for the service, the temperature had risen several degrees.

At ten o'clock a brief service was held at the house, conducted by Dr. C. I. Scofield, pastor of the local Congregational Church, and Rev. R. A. Torrey, pastor of the Chicago Avenue (Moody's) Church, and Superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Dr. Scofield read the ninetieth Psalm and the fourth chapter of 1 Thessalonians, and Mr. Torrey offered prayer.

No signs of mourning appeared about the house: no crape was seen on the door. The window-blinds were all open.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the coffin was carried out of the house. It was a simple cloth-covered coffin, with quiet trimmings and a plate bearing the name and the dates of Mr. Moody's birth and decease—

DWIGHT L. MOODY
1837–1899

The coffin was placed upon a bier and lovingly carried by thirty-two Mount Hermon students to the Congregational Church, half a mile away, where the body was laid in state.

Christmas green festooned the galleries of the church. About the coffin were appropriate floral tributes from friends, and from the trustees, faculties, and students of Mr. Moody's several institutions. At the head was a pillow, in which a crown had been worked in white, with a purple ribbon on which the words were seen: "God is calling me." An open Bible, with "Victory. 1 Corinthians xv. 55–57" on the left side, and "2 Timothy iv. 7, 8" on the other, rested at the foot. Palms, ferns, laurel, violets, cut flowers, and callas were placed about the pulpit.

The public service was held at 2.30 p.m. Old associates, neighbours, and relatives had come from far and near. Simple tributes of love and joyous notes of triumphant praise were given by Dr. C. I. Scofield, Rev. George C. Needham, Pres. Henry J. Weston of Chester, Pa., Rev. R. A. Torrey of Chicago, Bishop W. F. Mallalieu of Boston, Dr. J. W. Chapman of New York City, Dr. H. M. Wharton of Baltimore, Dr. A. T. Pierson of Brooklyn, and John Wanamaker of Philadelphia. In closing, that hymn which Mr. Moody so dearly loved was sung—

A lamp in the night, a song in time of sorrow,
A great glad hope which faith can never borrow,
To gild the passing day with the glory of the morrow,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord!

Blessed hope, blessed hope,
Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord!
How the aching heart it cheers,
How it glistens through our tears,
Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord!

A star in the sky, a beacon bright to guide us,
An anchor sure, to hold when storms betide us,
A refuge for the soul where in quiet we may hide us,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord!

A word from the One to all our hearts the dearest,
A parting word to make Him aye the nearest,
Of all His precious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord!

After the public service, the coffin was carried by the Mount Hermon students to Round Top, the Olivet of Northfield. A verse of "Jesus, lover of my soul" was sung, a brief prayer was offered, a last look was taken by his family at the beloved face of husband and father, and the precious form was lowered into the vault, just at the crown of the little hill.

From this resting-place one may see his birthplace a stone's-throw to the south; his own home for the last twenty-five years, about as far to the west; the Seminary Campus directly north; Camp Northfield half a mile up the mountain side on the east; and the buildings of Mount Hermon School about four miles distant down the Connecticut Valley.

A year or two ago, as Mr. Moody was walking one evening towards the Auditorium with a friend, he sat down on the grass of Round Top to rest. Looking out over the beautiful summer landscape spread before them, gilded with the glory of the westering sun, he said—

"I should like to be here when Christ comes back!"

His longing was not gratified during his life, but his earthly tabernacle rests there, awaiting the voice of the archangel and the trump of God.

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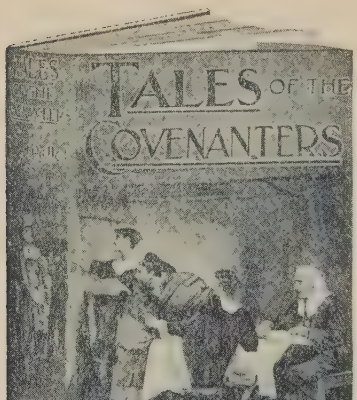

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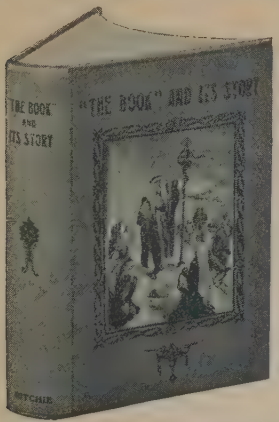

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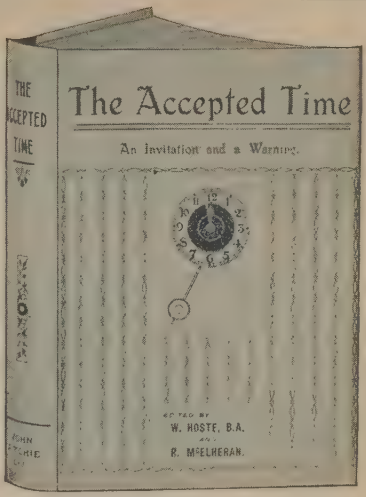

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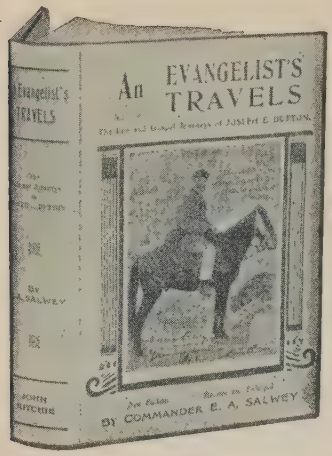

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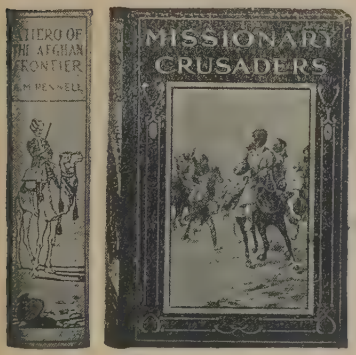

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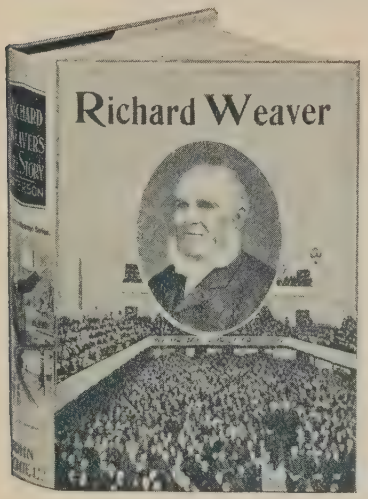

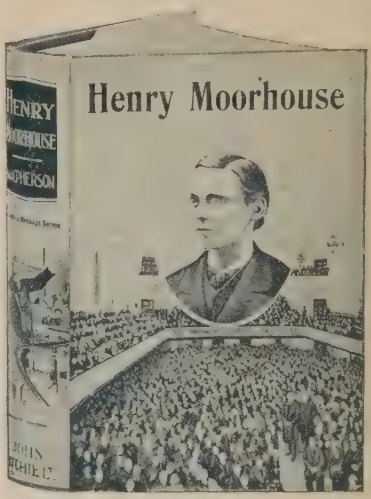

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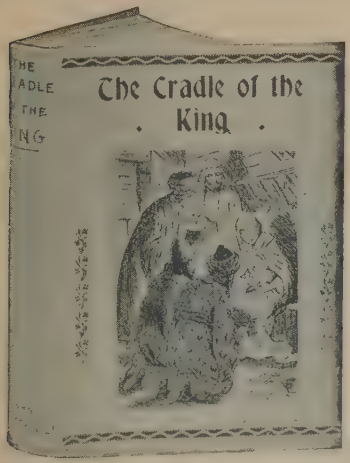

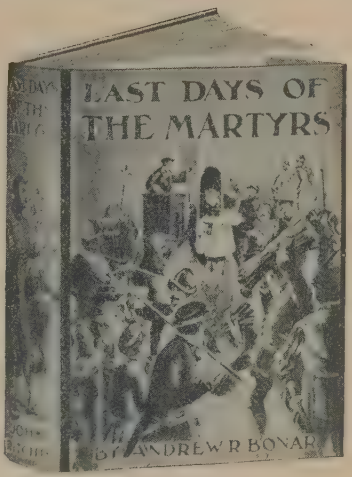

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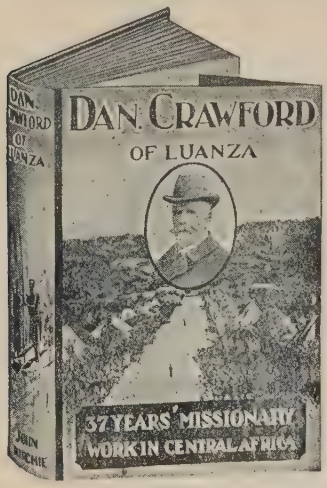

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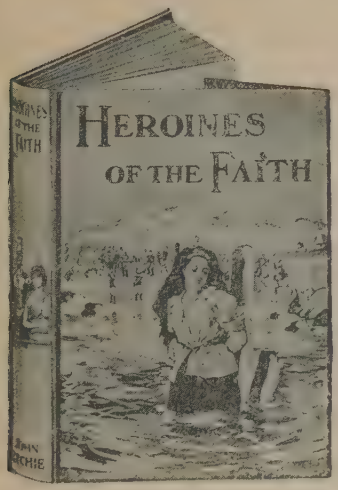

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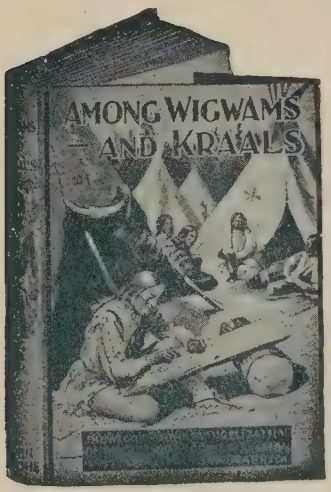

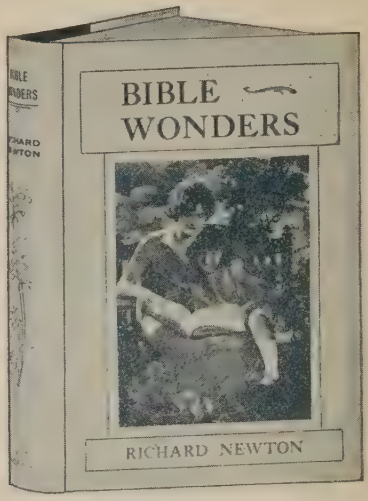

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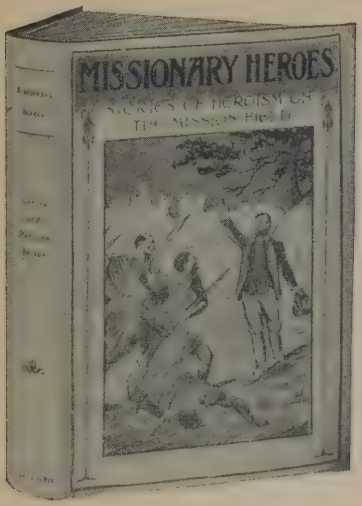

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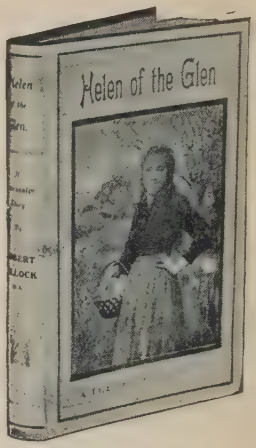

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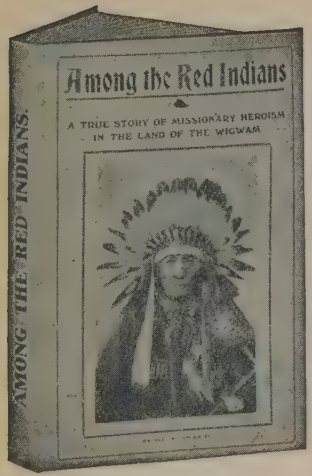

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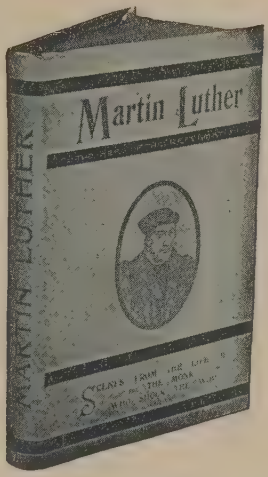

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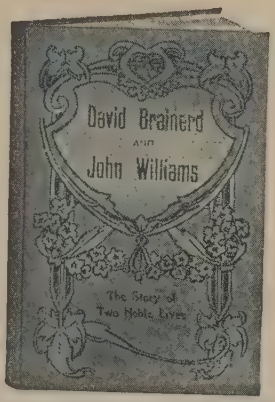

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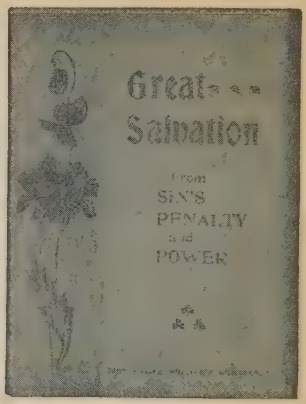

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